CATCHY

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 75. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 9TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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APRIL 9.

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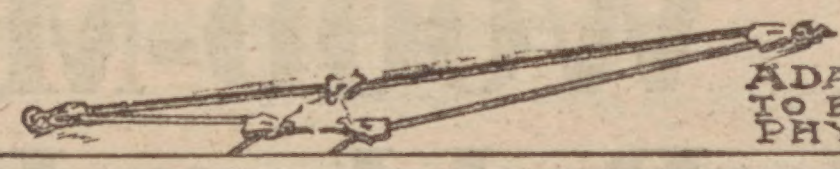

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Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer ..... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 (3/-) and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9), one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 75. WEEK ENDING APRIL 9TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE DANGERS OF BEING UP-TO-DATE.

WHAT YOU LOSE BY IT.

If we lend our ears too willingly to the promptings of the widespread desire to be what is called up-to-date, we shall as men and sportsmen not infrequently find that we have set out to accomplish the impossible.

Not a season goes by, not a season arrives even, without its crop of new appliances for the sportsman. He must have this, and that, and the other if he would be considered up-to-date, and to steer a safe course through all the rocks that lie in the sea of "up-to-dateness" requires not only watchfulness, but a capacity to resist and say "No" at the cost of being behind the times.

But in reality the man who is behind the times is often the man who is most up-to-date, if by that expression we mean the man who is availing himself of the best and the latest that skill and experience have combined to produce. The man who is ever on the watch for merely "the latest thing" misses a great deal of pleasure in the possession of old things.

Moreover, he is always anxious to "keep pace with the times," as he calls the process, and is never able to settle down to anything for long.

But let us come to details. It is astonishing how readily the average man will discard things that he has hardly had time to get accustomed to. When the tennis season is over, the old racquet seems beyond help and hope. Next season—that delightful, far-off time, when in a vague sort of way we think we shall be able to indulge all our fancies—we will buy another one, a brand new one, one of the latest pattern. And the old racquet that still has years of good work in it is cast aside and "the kids" get hold of it and hit stones about with it.

It is the same with all other sporting equipment. I knew a man so bitten with the fever for being "up-to-date" that he would buy three or four pairs of football boots every season—a new pair every month almost, just as one sort or another happened to catch his eye. He jumped to the conclusion that he was behind the times regularly every four weeks, and bought new football boots. The consequence was he was never completely at home in his boots. They were always too new and never quite set to his feet. His game suffered through it. He had not absolutely the unimpaired power of his feet at command.

But he blamed the boots, and bought others! Had he worn one pair for a season or two he would have improved his game wonderfully.

Unhappily the things that are new in this world are not invariably the things that are best, but the up-to-date man has lost his sense of quality and only wishes to have "the latest"—good or bad.

D. WATSON.

CHEEK.

Two of England's foremost Rugby footballers are called Stoop. It takes a smart player to catch them stoop—we mean bending.

* * *

Mrs. Hugh Adams says that "A return to the spider-web face veil is prophesied." An excellent thing. People with spider-web faces should certainly veil them.

* * *

In the Divorce Court, recently, an injured husband stated that he kept birds. No doubt, for companionship's sake, he had a cuckoo among them.

* * *

A writer named E. E. Hatchell says that the "serene woman" "is mistress of herself though China fall." But not if it is part of her best set.

* * *

Judge Bacon asks: "Isn't an actress's life one of imagination?" In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the lady's life is spent in imagining that she can act.

* * *

Apropos of Judge Bacon, by the way, may we be permitted to mention that his judicial humour is deliciously pawky?

* * *

Says "Robin Goodfellow" in the "Daily Mail": "Cinderello is a patched-up horse." His trainer is now anxiously on the look-out for attacks of "stitch."

* * *

Mrs. Cornwallis-West observes: "Blue hair? Yes, that new tint on fashionable grey hair, which gives such nice moonlight reflections." But people who know best say that the most pleasing moonlight reflections are provided by a "blue stocking."

* * *

"There is no such annihilator of passion as the laugh," says Mr. F. Frankfort Moore. So that when a furious creditor gets you in a corner, simply give a hearty "Ha! Ha!" and he will be disarmed—perhaps.

* * *

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell says that "Nowhere does one black sheep so completely upset the harmony as in Rugby football." Yes, indeed. Feeling is unanimous in official circles that he should be baa—d.

* * *

Says Mr. Arnold White: "We paint Time with a scythe because we are all destined to be cut down." This is what makes most of us so cut up.

* * *

Mr. Charles Major advises us: "Never grieve because a woman turns her back on you. She may be watching you in a mirror." And again, she may be wearing evening dress.

J. S. COX.

SOME OF MY CUSTOMERS.

BY A WEST-END TOBACCONIST.

"R—ring!" goes my door-bell, and in rushes an immaculately frock-coated and top-hatted exquisite, excitedly flourishing an embossed tobacco pouch.

"I say, look heah!" he cries. "You've put too much latakiah in this mixtyah!"

He is one of my most troublesome customers, the "mixture man."

He has invented a special blend of tobacco, so many parts of one variety and so many of another; and if there is as much as one flake more of any one than is directed in his "prescription," he simply raises Cain until the mistake has been righted.

I have one customer who is so troublesome that he—rather paradoxically—affords me a lively satisfaction to think that I have no others like him.

He comes in now and then to buy a pipe, and is never satisfied until I have taken down my entire stock for him to examine. And this, mark you, he does with a microscope!

"There is a little flaw here," he will quaver—for he is as old as he is fussy, which is saying a lot—and stifling my impatience as well as I can, I hand him another pipe. Really perfect briars are so few and far between nowadays that if every man who chose a pipe carried a microscope with him there would hardly be a single one sold!

A much more easy-going customer is the lady who comes in to buy a box of cigars for her husband or her *fiancé*. She has the very strangest system of judging cigars. One lady actually chose a particular brand because the bands were so pretty, and would be "just the thing," as she said, "for decorating plates with!"

A type of customer that I could well dispense with is the member of the "clever brigade." He will come in and ask for some little-favoured brand of cigar which you will have to climb up a ladder for, turning your back towards him. Then, if he can, he will deftly slip an expensive box of cigarettes or a silver vesta-box for preference into his pocket. I well remember one such customer, whom, I am ashamed to say, I did not suspect for one instant. He was corpulent, red-faced, and prosperous-looking, and he had "Varmer Goiles" written all over him. But when he had gone, I missed a box of high-class cigarettes. I sometimes laugh, though, when I imagine his expression when he opened it; for I am glad to say it was only a dummy.

But the most acceptable customer of all is the connoisseur who knows what he wants and asks for it. It is a pleasure to see that such a man goes away perfectly satisfied.

C. JONES.

LONDON'S DEATH-TRAP TUBES

A NOTE OF WARNING.

In these days tube travel has become so popular that 'buses, both horsed and motor, find their revenue dwindling away. Business in London has to be done with a rush, and it is because the public find that they can save many minutes by using the tubes that they patronise them so extensively.

The very popularity of the tubes will make the disaster more terrible when it comes, and, unless the authorities bestir themselves, come it certainly will.

Some years ago there was a terrible tube disaster in Paris, when a train caught fire. That disaster was an object-lesson, and London tubes have, be it said to their credit, taken every precaution against the possibility of a similar accident occurring here.

The danger that menaces the London tubes is not fire, but water.

On our present tube system there are three tunnels that pass beneath the Thames—the Bakerloo, the Waterloo and City Railway, and the City and South London Railway.

THE LIFE OF IRON.

The task of making these tunnels was an engineering feat that deserves all praise, but, after all, the tunnels are only of iron, and iron has its duration of life. What will happen when the great circular stanchions or the plates between them give way?

Most readers will recall the sensational collapse of the roof of Charing Cross Station some time ago. The collapse was not due to negligence or error on the part of anyone. It was simply owing to the fact that the iron rods and braces supporting the roof had, in the course of time, perished. Indiarubber, as everyone knows, perishes in a comparatively short time, and becomes as brittle as dry putty. Iron becomes almost as brittle in the course of time.

The roof of Charing Cross Railway Station collapsed without having been subjected to any great vibration, for at the height at which it stood it is not likely that it was affected by the passing of the trains beneath it, especially as, being a terminus, the trains never came in or left rapidly.

THE DANGER OF VIBRATION.

It is different in the case of the tube tunnels. Here you have electric trains rushing through every few minutes at an enormously high rate of speed.

The action of the mud and the water outside the iron casing of the tunnels will, in time, make that casing weak, and the probability of disaster is greatly increased by the constant passing of these fast trains, which shake the tunnel and which will inevitably lessen the life of the iron of which it is constructed.

Even now one may see how near at hand is the danger.

When you use a tube train you are, as a rule, in a hurry. Hurry appears to be the fashion at tube stations, and you do not trouble to observe those points which are so suggestive to the engineer. It is probable that not one man in ten thousand who have used the tubes has ever observed that there are splashes of water on the roofs of the carriages as they emerge from the tunnels that pass beneath the Thames.

THE FLOOD.

If a drop of water is able to find its way through, it is only a matter of time till the weight of the river will force a larger passage, and the water will come pouring in, drowning those in the trains like rats in a trap.

It is unlikely, in the event of the bursting of any of the tube tunnels beneath the Thames, that the connecting tube railways would be affected, for precautions have been taken at Piccadilly Circus and at Oxford Circus, by means of staircases, to prevent the water in the Bakerloo Tube from invading the Central London and the Piccadilly Railway, should the disaster occur.

At the Bank you leave the Waterloo and City Railway by a long and steep incline, and to reach the Central London you have to go down in lifts. This incline effectually protects the Central London from the danger of being flooded, and the engineers who decided upon this incline and who avoided making an underground or equal-level tunnel between the two railways deserve credit for their foresight.

THE NEED FOR INSPECTION.

The Bakerloo, the Waterloo and City, and the City and South London Railways are therefore the only tubes that are in danger of flooding, but in the event of the tunnels bursting, these tubes would be inundated from one end to the other, and as, particularly on the Bakerloo line, there are many hundreds of people on the trains and on the platforms at any given moment, the catastrophe would be appalling.

It is well to point out this danger, in order that those responsible for the management of the tubes may take due steps to safeguard the public.

The tunnels beneath the Thames should be examined not twice a week, but twice daily, and the examination should be made not by an ordinary servant of the company, but by a qualified engineer who understands the dangers to be faced, and who has an expert knowledge of the perishability of iron.

Tubes are a blessing, for they save the Londoner time, and in many cases enable him to live further away from the smoke of the City than he would otherwise be able to do, but every rose has its thorn, and the trouble in the case of the tubes is the existence of those three tunnels underneath the Thames.

Henry Munro.

DON'T SLOUGH YOUR WINTER KIT.

With the lengthening days, and the gradually increasing warmth of the sun's rays, we are often at this time of year favoured with a day which, though it be only April, suggests August.

But let us hope that that won't lead any readers of The Modern Man to put aside any of the warm clothing to which they have been accustomed during the past winter. That would be suicidal.

The reason is that it is only the days that are mild now. Once the sun goes down winter returns with unabated power, and blasts any unfortunate mortal who is not sufficiently warmly wrapped up.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

FIFTEENTH LESSON.

In the twenty-ninth hit your adversary swings his right glove at your head.

Your reply is precisely the same as in the twenty-eighth hit. You do not guard his blow at all, but step back sharply with your right foot so as to avoid his glove, and then, when he has swung past you, you step in smartly and deliver a right-hand body blow.

You should study these two hits in conjunction with one another. In the one case he is swinging round at you with his left, and in the other with his right, but in both cases the best thing you can do is to counter him with a right-hand body blow as shown.

XXIX.—The counter to use for a right-hand swing.

In a hard contest or in a street fight, where blows are meant to hurt, your adversary will generally put so much force into his swing that when he misses you he is carried off his balance. This gives you a capital opportunity, and if your body blow is brought in at the right moment, he is not likely to trouble you further.

Swing hits are very much used by hooligans, and another which is common in street fighting is the chop hit.

Here your adversary swings either his right hand or his left up as high as he can reach and then tries to bring it down upon the top of your head.

A blow of this description has tremendous force, and, if you attempt to guard it, your arm will be very severely bruised.

Do not guard it. Leap back smartly, both your feet coming off the ground and alighting practically simultaneously. Judge your distance well, and see that you go back just far enough to get you clear of his glove or fist.

The impetus of his blow brings his head down, and you must step in sharply and deliver an upper-cut on the point of his chin while his head is still coming downwards.

XXX.—The deadly chop hit and its counter

The force of your blow is greatly increased by the downward motion of his face, and this counter, properly put on, usually ends the contest.

When practising this hit you cannot, of course, expect your friend to allow you to upper-cut at his face, for you would probably knock him out. Get him to make the chop hit at you, and then to place his glove where his face would have been, and you can upper-cut at his glove.

This terminates my course of lessons on boxing.

I desire to thank most heartily those readers who have written to me so kindly concerning these lessons.

I should also like to remind you of the suggestion I have already made, and that is that you should cut these columns out and paste them up in chart form, so that you can consult them at a moment's notice while you are practising them.

G. Gowing.

A DUE APPRECIATION.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

It is an advantage in these days to be a specialist in some line or other or business, although pecuniary reward for similar grades of brilliancy in different professions are strangely varied. We barely say "thank you" to the man who shows us the various styles in new caps, or seductive patterns of spring ties. The women of our household pay, if possible, less courtesy to the young man in the silks department who spreads out wondrous materials in tussore, Shantung, and taffeta before them.

On the other hand, who is there amongst us who dares to refrain from over-tipping the lethargic, inattentive, impolite, unclean, filthy-moustached alien waiter?

But, Mr. Yardley Measure—untipped, overharried and rudely-treated — you remain a model of consistent politeness and attentive willingness under the most trying circumstances. Therefore, I doff my hat to you—and wish you better times!

* * * * * * *

MR YARDLEY MEASURE

Outside it is very foggy; the hansoms going further westward than the Corinthian-pilared establishment of Mr. Yardley Measure's employers have ceased their jingling some four hours now, and through the open window of the dormitory, where Mr. Yardley Measure sleeps, nothing is coming but the fog and the occasional matutinal rattle of early milk-cans, or the creak of the L.C.C.'s dust-carts.

In the uncertain light it is a little hard to distinguish the particular Mr. Measure we are looking for, for there are six of his kind in this long room, and the uncertain light is no aid.

But a weird, semi-conscious voice quotes confusedly in the stillness . . . "'All right, Mr. Yardley Measure. I've warned you. . . Warned you not to take snuff during business hours. It's not agreeable to lady customers. They don't like to see it lyin' on your coat lapels, and it does the firm no good!'"

The sleeper stirs slightly, and the old overcoat which he is using as an extra covering slips on to the floor with that peculiar rushing sound that oft disturbs heavy sleepers who are impervious to all sorts of knockings.

A semi-wakeful young man next him yawns.

"Damn it! Is that you, Yardley?"

"Eh! Hi. . What?"

"You were sayin' somethin' just now, or I dreamt it. What a restless blazer yo[u] are, Yardley."

Somebody else moves at the other end of the room.

"Cahn't you fellers shut up jawin' in the middle of the night?"

Mr. Yardley Measure strikes a match and refers to an old silver watch that hangs upon a nail.

"It's six-twenty, Joynby, you lazy pig, Jocky'll be round in a minute."

Mr. Joynby, a fat gentleman, rolls over comfortably.

"Damn Jocky . . . and damn you!" says he, and proceeds to breathe heavily again.

Mr. Yardley Measure yawns. "Jocky," the housekeeper, can even now be heard in the distance along the corridor. His unwelcome double rat-tat and his "Har parst six!" are received with yawns by the wakeful and final long-drawn snores by those who are but semi-conscious still.

Mr. Yardley Measure switches on the light, jumps as hastily as possible into an old suit, and winds a greasy scarf round his neck. Most of his room-mates are doing likewise. There is no time for a pedantic parting of the hair now. Merely stopping to fling the clothes off the still somnolent Joynby, Mr. Measure makes his exit, takes his way along the corridor, and thence by many stone stairs down into the basement of the vast store, being careful to see that the doorkeeper books him "in."

It is a strange, muffled sort of place he is in now. There are no customers. The patent shutters on the windows have not yet been flung up. The only light that falls on the tired-eyed young men who are walking about with brooms, dusters, or feather flickers in their hands is shed by an occasional electric light here and there—one in each shop. Here and there one comes up in an oasis where such sun as has managed to get through the fog is showing through a crystal-domed skylight in "the millinery" or "the costumes."

Mr. Yardley Measure, however, is not concerned with the over-priced items of feminine vanity contained in these departments. He has merely to dust the fittings, the bare costume-stands, or the electric-light shades. Others of his kind in lesser degree are sweeping behind the counters—mostly apprentices these, whom the "Squadmaster" finds much trouble to keep in order (and the brooms they use in repair).

It is wonderful how much quicker one can work with a soft broom turned over on its back. It is an old apprentice dodge that means death to the brooms, and very often much unpleasantness to the apprentice.

Mr. Yardley Measure tips a broom-slaying youngster the wink to be wary of the "Squadmaster," and continues with his housemaid's work.

The "Squadmaster"—a shop-walker of uncertain years—gives a look round and suggests that Mr. Yardley Measure should "just" do this or "just" do that.

"All right," says Mr. Yardley Measure. One day, you see, he hopes to be the shop-walker of a department himself, when the only reasonable "height of his ambition" (and an inclusive equivalent to a living-out wage of two pounds a week) will then be reached.

Mr. Yardley Measure, having "just" done several things, the "Squadmaster" pronounces himself satisfied (with reservations), and Mr. Yardley Measure departs to dress, which ceremony is followed by a breakfast including certain "extras" which he may have by paying a trifle for them.

It is at breakfast that Mr. Yardley Measure cultivates his mind. Were it not for breakfast, what voice would Mr. Yardley Measure have in politics, what chance of criticising the drama, what hope of improving his knowledge? Mr. Yardley Measure props up his newspaper upon the bread-basket (literal) and reads of many things, travels in many lands, sees wondrous sights—by means of a keen imagination and the best descriptive journalism that money can buy.

"Dem it all," he observes, "that Redmond is master of the situation. Now if *I* were those fellers Asquith or Balfour——"

"What would *you* do?" asks a young Irishman from the "furnishing drapery."

Mr. Yardley Measure looks up. The clock marks 8.45.

"By Jove!" says he, "I must get down to the shop. Our Mr. Bugden is a scorcher, you know—a hot 'un!"

Thus the solution to the present political situation is lost and King Redmond still reigns—and all because of the existence of one Bugden!

But this Bugden is a despotic personage who is far more of a horrible nightmare to Mr. Yardley Measure than is Mr. Redmond to Mr. Asquith. From him Mr. Yardley Measure can ask neither guarantees, safeguards, nor assurances.

Sometimes he certainly calls out "Sign, please," to the majestic Bugden, who applies a pencil to a counterfoil-bill in a lordly style that would put a Garter-King-at-Arms to shame.

Having finally escaped from the customers and Mr. Bugden, Mr. Yardley Measure carries no particular recollection of the day's work, unless there has been an appreciative "thank you," from a young and pretty woman—a "thank you" *extended*, and not flung, to him.

Mr. Yardley Measure is back in his dormitory now, and it is only a quarter to eight o'clock. . . . Uncaring, he flings off his cuffs, and wastes a collar clean on that morning.

Mr. Yardley Measure dives a hand into his tie-drawer. A typewritten card asks for the pleasure of his company at a "social evening" in connection with Messrs. Barkworth, Ltd.

It is a spruce young man whom finally we find chatting freely with the various young ladies of Barkworth's, Limited. With one he books the lancers, with another a waltz (really wonderful how many amorous waltzes he books with his last charmer).

However, it is at the "interval" that Mr. Yardley Measure shines. Surely Belgravian drawing-rooms can show no more gallant carpet knight than he! Remember he has been throwing rolls of silk open all day, making cat-like jumps and restoring them to their fixtures with a precision only attained by practice, yet he can half-slide over the polished floor and bear coffee and meringues with every show of fresh and sprightly gaiety, combined with steadiness of hand.

Somebody calls for silence, and the accompanist at the piano plays the introductory bars of a song. A tall young woman from the "mantles," very nervous indeed, is about to add to the harmony of the evening with a song. It is a favourite among the ladies, and Mr. Yardley Measure sits back looking very large, very tolerant, very much amused, because, of course, the song is about him.

"Men—men—humbugging men,
You're impossible nine out of ten—
But we try to put up with you,
Dine out or sup with you;
We *do* rather like you—you men."

The notes of the final chorus have barely died away when Mr. Yardley Measure tips a wink to the perspiring Mr. Joynby, who is blushing furiously near by.

"Woman!" Mr. Joynby hisses across the space that divides them. "Tell the others."

The song is a favourite one in the long dormitory, and is taken up by the gentlemen as soon as Mr. Yardley Measure starts it—"W-O-M-A-N. Where did you get the name from?

I don't know, but I believe——"

Thus, while Mr. Yardley Measure is plainly enjoying himself for one "glorious hour of crowded life," let us leave him ere he realises again that he is Assistant Number Something—in "the Silks."

Famous Cup Winners of The Past

SOME REMINISCENCES OF GREAT FOOTBALLERS.

The National Cup appeals to our affections more than anything else in the football world. There were mighty giants in the good days of old, before Newcastle, Everton, and Tottenham Hotspur were heard of.

Take, for instance, the Wanderers, who won the Association Cup five times in the first seven competitions, and who made the trophy their own property by their consecutive victories in 1876-7-8. Is it generally known that the Wanderers gave back the Cup to the F.A. on condition that it was to be a Challenge Cup in perpetuity?

Who were the Wanderers? They were an organisation like the Corinthians of latter days, but perhaps more famous. They had in their ranks University players, old public school boys, and the very finest amateurs in London.

Their earliest members included P. M. Thornton, the cricketer who has just retired from Parliament; C. W. Alcock and his brother, who were so prominent in forming the Association; C. A. Absolom, the Kent bowler; Arthur Pember; and many other well-known men. They played in Battersea Park and afterwards at the Oval, but they were celebrated not for any ordinary encounters, but because they have had many triumphs in the final ties for the Cup.

FAMOUS "WANDERERS."

Lord Kinnaird, Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, H. Wace (now the Dean of Canterbury), with Edward Lubbock, were some of the best known of the side. In their three successive victories in the Cup-ties they relied upon seventeen players, many of whom were Internationals, and whose memory is never likely to die out. Amateurs made the game in those days, and "incidents" were few, and misconduct of a player was practically unknown.

Oxford University and the Old Etonians were two very good clubs which played a very prominent part in the days spoken of. In 1872 the Dark Blues entered for the Cup, which they won a year later. They beat Upton Park, Barnes, the Wanderers, Clapham Rovers, and finally the Royal Engineers by 2 to 0, and in five games only one goal was scored against them.

F. H. Johnson, who was afterwards Bishop of Colchester, was included in the side, and six Oxonians were among the players for England against Scotland that year.

As one looks over the list of distinguished names, one cannot help regretting greatly that the Universities are not so prominent to-day.

THE OLD ETONIANS.

The Old Etonian club was only formed in 1878, and the moving spirit was A. F. Kinnaird. In goal, at half-back, or in the front line he was equally successful. He was playing in 1876, and twenty years later he was as great as ever. Lord Fitzmaurice, afterwards a member of the Ministry; Mr. Quintin Hogg, the founder of the Polytechnic; Major Marindin, afterwards the great Inspector of Explosives; with J. F. P. Rawlinson and the brothers Lyttelton were other famous members.

In the first year they won the Cup against Clapham Rovers, and later in March, 1882, beat Blackburn Rovers. It was the thirty-ninth match of the Rovers' campaign and they had never been defeated, but they lost the day. It was the most exciting final ever seen, and attracted a large crowd, including many broad-speaking Lancashire people, who were described by a London paper as a "Northern horde of savages."

In the next year the "working-man" eleven from Blackburn beat them, and ever since no amateur club has had a chance for the National Trophy.

The Royal Engineers had a splendid club, and they did a good deal to make the game popular. It is getting on for forty years since they were the finalists, but some time afterwards they beat the Old Etonians.

On the right wing P. G. Von Donop and C. K. Wood were truly a brilliant pair. To-day few men recognise in the well-known Inspector of Railways the skilled player and great International of bygone days.

Some of the Engineers' players have done splendid work in the sporting world, such as H. W. Renny Tailyour, H. E. Rawson, and R. H. Stafford, who could charge very heavily.

THE PIONEERS OF ARMY FOOTBALL.

It was a great pity that the Sappers dropped out of the Cup-ties when the qualifying competition was established. To-day they are devoted to Rugby.

Sir Francis Marindin was their great player for twenty-one years. He was president of the F.A., and only resigned on the question of professionalism. As a referee his word was law, and a glance from his eagle eye would keep even Preston North End in order in their greatest days. The Sappers were the pioneers of Army football.

Clapham Rovers were established forty years ago, and in the early days the club had the unique reputation of playing in alternate weeks the Rugby and Association codes. They played their first match in September, 1869, against the Wanderers, and beat them.

GREAT AMATEURS.

They included H. H. Birkett, who played for England in both games, and Norman C. Bailey, who assisted England against Scotland for ten years.

They won the International Cup in 1880. In the next year the old Carthusians won it, and they had in their ranks an array of players of great note. E. G. Wynyard now plays cricket for England in South Africa, and was a centre who could run like a hare. Then there were "Morning and Evening" Walters, a pair of brothers who were said to weigh 13 stone apiece, and Preston North End complained they were sore all over after their battle with the Corinthians.

Walter Bull
(of Tottenham Hotspur).

A PLUNGE IN THE RIVER.

Happy is the man, at this season of the year, who lives in such proximity to a river that he can frequently enjoy a blissful plunge therein. He will, no doubt, take one in the early morning before breakfast; and possibly later on in the day, he may feel inclined for another.

But a fact that few men remember, or even take any notice of, is the extreme danger of immersing the whole body in water—hot or cold—before at least an hour has elapsed after eating. It doesn't matter how little you've eaten. Even if it is only a slice of cake, wait at least an hour before you take your plunge.

SINKINSON'S SPRING JOURNAL

AN ANNUAL INFLICTION.

Sinkinson never keeps a journal at any other period, but it crops up simultaneously with the spring onions in Sinkinson's small back patch.

Singularly fond of spring onions is Sinkinson; some of us who know him well wish he'd stick to cloves. But this is by the way; let us return to Sinkinson's journal.

It has no literary merit whatsoever. There are several items we may skip with advantage. They relate to divers love affairs, which, alas for Sinkinson's moral veracity, are purely imaginary.

I have never come across such barmaids as he describes, in a long and intimate acquaintance with these Hebes, neither do the stars of the ballet appear to me to twinkle in the way Sinkinson says they do. Therefore we shall leave these illusions to the journal and to Sinkinson.

Last year Sinkinson paid me a visit, and in the evening he read extracts from that journal; this year it was the club he favoured in this same way. It is down in the minutes that Sinkinson shall never be permitted to read aloud again.

Sinkinson speaks of his journal as a mine of poetic thought. Certainly he clothes common-places in most extravagant language. For instance:

"Spring," says Sinkinson in his journal, "makes the young blood course through a man's veins in a way which only the approach of a sarsaparilla can pull up."

To hear Sinkinson you would think he lived on herbal drinks in what he calls the spring of the year, until you detect the perfume that is not all spring onions any more than it is all cloves. Not that Sinkinson is a bad sort of a chap; he is only an ass in the spring.

The calendar may say April, and the streets may look like November, but Sinkinson, entering the office with a step that might be treading on daisies, and with a wilted primrose in his button-hole, speedily convinces you that April is here, whatever your own ideas may be on the subject.

Sinkinson in his journal holds the doctrine that whatever a man does in the spring is forgiven him because the gods understand.

Sinkinson carried out the idea once, but his boss, being only a mortal, did not understand, neither did he forgive, and Sinkinson got a taste of outdoor life that lasted him for a long time.

It is all very well to talk of the dew bathing one's face, as Sinkinson does in that journal, but when it comes to a regular bath while sleeping under a hedge it does not appear to have the magic ascribed to it.

There is a gulf between Sinkinson's real feelings and those expressed in his journal.

"Spring"—to quote again—"spring is the time when Heaven is nearest to us."

The great donkey got the idea from Tennyson, I believe, who spoke of lilies blooming and clouds hanging low. "Makes a man look at the flower-girls round the fountain differently from the way he usually does" is the way Sinkinson puts it.

It strikes me Sinkinson uses the same sort of glasses on these spring occasions as he does when he interviews the imaginary Hebes of a delusive bar.

Sinkinson is by way of being a poet, but in more serious moments he is simply Sinkinson.

In his journal it is recorded that camomile tea is a safe remedy of spring troubles. This is the only useful item to be found therein.

Sinkinson says that in the spring of the year he will do anything for anybody, but alas, there are only so many months of spring, and it is always over before Sinkinson can be made to prove his sentiments.

He bores us with his journal, he shares his spring onions with those who abhor these roots, but the noble aspirations vanish before the sun-shine of June, and disappear, like Sinkinson's spring journal, until next spring revives the lot.

Sigismund Smith.

THE CREATION OF COURAGE

HOW IT MAY BE BRED AND FOSTERED.

Fiction writers have made us well acquainted with the soldier who is, under peace conditions, a notorious coward, but who becomes in a great crisis a hero of the first water.

This is one of those instances where fact supports the makers of fiction, and it is safe to say that every soldier who has seen service can bring to mind such a case.

If a man be capable of bravery in a crisis, he surely cannot be a coward. Why, then, should he so conduct himself in the trivial matters of life that he gets the reputation for being such?

Simply because he has been born and bred that way.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

He has been born with an active imagination that can foresee disaster wherever there is danger. Most men who pass as brave tackle a dangerous task without troubling about it simply because there is not ever present before them a picture of the catastrophe that may result. This being so, they can scarcely claim to be superior to the imaginative coward. The difference is that they lack his unhappy gift or curse of visualising a tragedy with all its circumstances and gruesomeness.

The alleged coward is born with such an imagination, and when this is combined with a certain type of upbringing, it inevitably robs him of all claims to being considered a "plucked 'un."

Particularly is it difficult to earn such a title if you happen to be an only son. Your parents indicate, even unconsciously, the immense value that you are to them. They discourage you from participating in rough games, and you dread above all things that you should do anything to court a fatal accident, for you feel that your death would bring others to the grave.

The development of a man so circumstanced is usually instantaneous, given certain conditions.

Supposing that his parents die, and that his altruistic dread of disaster disappears, he gives rein to the native pluck that is in him, and without actually courting disaster, he seeks no longer to avoid it at all hazards.

COURAGE IN BATTLE.

You find the same thing in battle. When a man's blood is up he forgets his parents, his imagination, and all other drawbacks to bravery. His personality and his character assert themselves, and, to the astonishment of his comrades who do not understand these things, he accomplishes some plucky action that they feared to tackle.

It is necessary to analyse in this manner the nature of courage and cowardice before one attempts to discuss the best ways by which courage may be fostered.

You can break the spirit of a horse by yoking it to a cart that is too heavy for it and by flogging it to a trot up hill and down. A horse so treated may be a good horse, sound in every way, and well made, but it will lack what horsemen call "heart." That horse has been shown that it is not equal to the work which has been demanded of it, and so it becomes broken-spirited.

It is much the same with a man.

BOXING AND BULLYING.

There are some instructors of boxing who have created many cowards. They have begun by knocking the pupil severely about, and during the following lessons they have shown him conclusively that he is not only lacking in skill, but also in courage.

It would take a very plucky man, or a very rash one, to stand up without flinching to the blows directed at him by an expert boxer, blows which he does not know how to guard. The average pupil is plucky at first, but eventually sees that discretion is much less painful than valour.

It is different when you are taught boxing by a friend or by a considerate teacher.

Under such circumstances courage is created, or at least made evident, in those who had no idea that they possessed such a quality. The judicious teacher creates pluck in his pupil by letting him get on a hit now and again, and occasionally by feigning that he is considerably hurt by a hit that the novice has delivered upon him. He is also careful at first not to hit his pupil too hard. The pupil, finding that he possesses a heftier arm than he imagined, and also that he is quite capable of enduring the hits that are put upon him, develops into a fairly skilful and plucky boxer.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

In the teaching of riding, again, there are opportunities for the instructor to create courage. The brutal sergeant-major who ridicules the new recruit and makes no allowance for the difficulty that everyone experiences when first bestriding a horse takes the backbone out of many a promising youngster. There are other sergeant-majors who have sense enough to put a man on his mettle by giving him an occasional word of praise and encouragement.

It is surprising what a man will do when he is put upon his pride.

The riding-master in a civilian riding-school is usually a man of small education but of fairly good manners and of much tact.

"You're all right, sir," he says. "You can't possibly get hurt."

The deference implied in the word "sir" makes you feel that he regards you as a superior being, and that he expects you to be courageous; the assurance that you cannot get hurt has just sufficient sting in it to spur you to fresh endeavour, for you feel that you want to show him that you do not care whether you get hurt or not.

BORROWED STRENGTH.

Another point that must be remembered in the creation of courage is that you are considerably more courageous in company than you are when alone.

In the company of other riders you will mount a horse that you would regard as impossible to ride if they were not present. It is not altogether the fear of being shown up as a coward that makes you more plucky in company. It is rather due to that subtle, magnetic strength that a man unconsciously gets from his fellow-men.

Those who have it in their power to create or to destroy courage have a terrific responsibility, for they have in their hands the moulding of a man's life and happiness, for a coward is never happy.

I have dealt with the creation of courage by means of such exterior assistance as that afforded by the teacher of boxing and riding, but a man may also create it in himself by going in for sport, and by gradually proving not only to his intellect, but also to his instincts, that the dangers he feared are generally imaginary ones.

C. WOLFF.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LADY'S MAN.

A SOLILOQUY.

Upon my word, the girls positively mob me—maids, wives, widows, it's all the same; I have only to come on the scene to conquer.

It is really a bore to have to acknowledge invitations and to return smiles and nods. I am quite tired out after a morning's stroll.

There are some who say that I am a vain, self-conceited ass.

Of course, they are prejudiced.

What is conceit, anyhow?

Something that other people possess, I suppose. My opinion of myself is justified by my fearful past.

There's a drawer in my dressing-table that is full of souvenirs. My trophies I call them.

Let me see—that blue ribbon belonged to Cissie. A pretty girl, Cissie, but poor—too poor for a man with extravagant tastes and a small banking account to do aught but flirt with.

That golden-brown curl was given me by Marion when she said I had broken her heart—which, by the way, she got mended before a month had passed by that bounder FitzMoke, who made his money out of guano!

That long black tress was Clare's. She sent it the day she retired into a convent because I was cruel. I wasn't cruel, only Clare was so hopelessly plain that evidently Nature intended her to take the veil.

That bit of silver cord came off a ball-programme which Ethel bestowed upon me after a delightful waltz.

That faded photo is of Phœbe. It flattered her then; it more than flatters her now. I saw her the other day. She had grown so stout that she might serve as a walking advertisement for somebody's anti-fat preparations—and she used to be like a willow wand.

That smiling, jolly-looking girl on horseback was Di. I was more than half tempted to forget that I am not a marrying man after a ride in the twilight through the lanes with her—she looked almost beautiful in the dusk. What an escape I had! I met her at a house-party last season—a terrible woman, with a voice like an alarm-bell and a foot like a navvy's.

That bunch of wilted forget-me-nots I cannot place; they represent a fair one's offering whose very name has slipped my memory.

That sprig of lavender must be the result of a country flirtation, likewise the sweetbriar. But though they conjure up cottage gardens, I cannot tell whether it was shy Molly or rosy-cheeked Kate who gave them to me.

That half of a lucky sixpence brings back memories of Alice—Alice who had queer fancies and soft, dark eyes. She's the wife of a bishop now, and has got rid of her fancies, and her eyes have grown harder. Her outlook on life has changed since she and I broke that sixpence.

That amber bead came off Amy's necklace. The string broke at a picnic, and I helped her search for the scattered beads, and out of those I found I kept that one—and also the memory of the kiss under the beech-tree, when nobody was looking our way.

Amy loved me, but she married a cousin for all that—wise little Amy!

That black glove was Lady Millefleur's She gave it to me. It was part of her mourning for Sir Spruce.

She had adored me during his lifetime in secret, and she wanted me—well! to take more than the glove. But her figure was almost as ample as her fortune, and I hesitated, so the rich brewer round the corner got to the post before me. But she looks at me, when we meet, with a reproachful smile which gives her the appearance of a pug dog in a sentimental moment. She—yes, come in!

"A letter, Alphonse?"

"Ah, yees, Monsieur, he is so charming."

"Charming you fool—it's a writ for a breach of promise!"

F. C. HARTINGTON.

Potting The Red

USEFUL STROKES AT BILLIARDS.

There are few strokes on the billiard-table more attractive to the spectator or more useful to the player than a well-executed and well-judged "pot."

Amateurs, however, unless they are pool-players, generally neglect potting. This is a mistake, for it is easier to obtain "position" from a "pot" than from a cannon. In the latter case you have to think of the position of all three balls after the stroke, but when you pot the red, you know that it must go on the spot (assuming it is not covered), and you have only to think of the ultimate position of your own ball as regards the net and your opponent's "pill."

The secret of successful potting is knowing where to aim in the object ball.

The point to aim at is where a line drawn from the centre of the pocket in which the red is to be potted, and through the centre of the red, would emerge on its further side.

This may sound a trifle complicated, but the accompanying diagram will make my meaning clear. B is the point where contact must be made to pot the red in this case, but of course you do not aim at B. To hit a ball half-ball, you aim at its outer edge to allow for the curve of the balls, and similarly in potting you aim a trifle wide of the point where you wish your ball to strike the other.

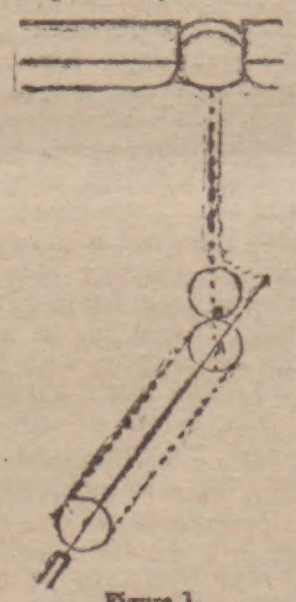


Figure 1.

The point B, that is, the exit of a line drawn from the centre of the pocket in which the red is to be put, and through the centre of the red, is the point where your ball must hit the red.

Practise finding B by running a piece of string or a stick from a pocket-centre over the red's centre, and you will soon come to "see" B from any position as clearly as the practised losing-hazard or cannon player sees the natural or half-ball angle.

The difficulties of potting are greatly increased the moment you try to leave "position," and it is a good general rule to make sure of the "pot" whether you get position afterwards or not.

Now that the spot stroke is barred, it is seldom much use trying to leave another pot on.

The professional, of course, will play the alternate pot and cannon top-of-the-table game, whenever he gets the required initial position, but the top-of-the-table game is beyond the powers of the average amateur. He can best use potting to obtain position for the losing hazard off the red, and here are one or two simple examples. First, however, a word as to the method of striking your own ball.

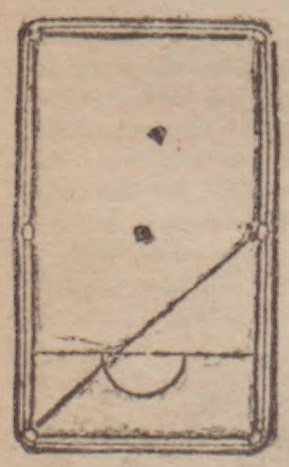


Figure 2.

For potting, the "stab" is the most useful kind of shot. To "stab" your ball," you strike it below its centre, but not so low as for a screw-back, and you hit it with a sharp, stiff stroke. Properly struck, your ball will stop dead, or nearly dead, on hitting the red. The "stab," of course, can only be made when the red is full, or nearly full, on to you.

Figure 2 shows an excellent position for a "stab" shot. The red goes down, and your ball stopping just outside the pocket, you are left with an easy in-off-the-red on the spot. If you cut it in the after-position of your ball would be uncertain; while assuming your opponent's ball to have been already pocketed there would be no earthly sense in making a six-shot.

The "stab" pot is generally useful, because you know exactly where your ball will come to rest, but sometimes a follow-on or run-through shot should be played in preference to a "stab." This is especially the case when the red ball and your own are near a top pocket.

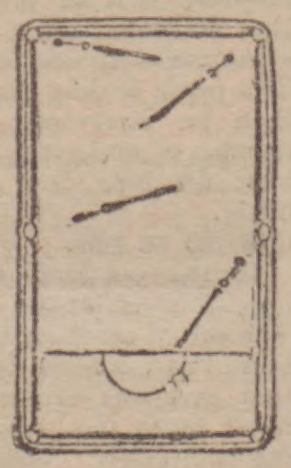


Figure 3.

Figure 3 shows such a position. Your ball follows on through the red, but stops just short of the pocket, so that you have an absolute in-off from the spotted red, with practical certainty of subsequent position for a series of losing hazards into the middle pocket.

It is always the most difficult-looking shots that are really the hardest. Of all pots the kiss-pot is perhaps best calculated to "bring down the house." These kiss-pots look impossible, but a child can make them, always provided he knows how.

Take for example the position shown in Figure 4. Many a fairly good billiard-player would say that the only chance of potting the red was to cut it in fine. The red can be cut in, but it is a very difficult shot, more likely than not to leave the red hanging in the jaws of the pocket, and, moreover, the after-position of your ball is very uncertain.

All you need do, however, not only to pot the red, but to secure "position" is to hit the red *full in the face* with a gently-played stroke. Provided the contact is made full, the red will automatically kiss into the pocket, and your ball will be left somewhere on the line for an easy losing hazard off the spot.

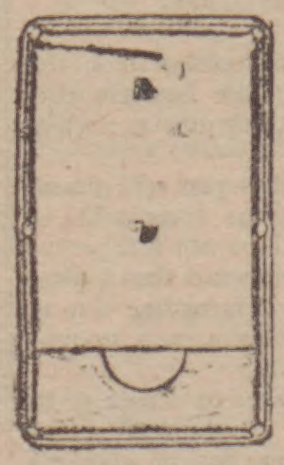


Figure 4.

Figure 5 shows another seemingly impossible pot, but here again the red has only to be struck full in the face for it to disappear into the pocket as a matter of certainty. Of course, this last is really a pool shot, for at ordinary billiards the in-off-the-red would usually be the better stroke.

In general terms, whenever the red is jammed against the cushion close to a pocket, a kiss-pot will solve the difficulty.

As remarked already, the chief use of potting nowadays is to obtain position for losing-hazard play, and by means of stabs, screw-backs, and run-throughs a player who will take a little thought should generally be able to obtain profitable position from anything like an easy pot.

But first he must master the point B on the red ball, and it is worth doing. There are few things more disconcerting to an opponent than the knowledge that if he leave the red ball anywhere near a pocket you will ram it down with a bang or trickle it with a dainty touch, leaving yourself a losing-hazard "sitter."

Figure 5.

Potting the red ball is a stroke to which the amateur might well devote more attention, but it must be remembered that a pot in itself is useless unless due care is taken to ensure a good position for the cue ball after the stroke.

E. Marston.

WHISTLING AND WHISTLERS.

There is a very common saying that whatever you are doing it is worth your while to do it well, and it applies to nothing more forcibly than to whistling.

Every man whistles; and with most men their whistling forms a kind of barometer of their momentary emotions. Of course, a quick, lively measure, whistled even more vivaciously than its proud composer intended, denotes high spirits; while a fairly slow air, performed in jerky periods, shows that the whistler is deep in contemplation. It will not mean melancholy, for under the influence of this emotion, a man rarely, if ever, whistles.

But what annoys the average man intensely is to hear an exceedingly unattractive music-hall chorus whistled continuously out of tune, and in frequently varying keys by some malign person who is, conveniently for himself, out of reach. To be working for an exam. or writing an article at high speed while a house-painter on the other side of the way is dispensing discord in this fashion is one of the greatest trials of everyday life.

CLUB FORM.

One of the greatest social offences of which a clubman can be guilty is tipping the club servants.

This is regarded as rank bad form, because the servants are expected to give all the members equal attention, and this they can hardly be expected to do if some members tip and some do not. The secret "tipper" is trying to get an advantage over his fellow members, and as only a sense of honour can prevent a man from tipping, the man who does it has no sense of honour and stands condemned as a cad.

No tips, then, is the rule in a well-conducted club, and even at Christmas time the proper procedure for a member is not to tip any particular servant, but to subscribe to the general fund, which is always raised for the club staff.

A gentleman should not write to a lady on club paper, but should use the plain paper that is always provided. Any card debts incurred should be settled before leaving the club, or at least by the following morning.

It is correct to have the name of your club on your card, but you only expose yourself to derision if the club is a third-rate one.

The man who chatters in the "Silence Room," sits on papers he isn't reading, or bullyrags the waiters, soon gets a name for bad form and is shunned accordingly.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE FEUD

By HOUGHTON GERRARD.

Mr. Blantyre shifted uneasily in his leather-covered armchair. His dining-room window was open, letting in the glorious early spring air that wafted over the paddock beyond the country house.

The mid-day meal had been cleared away, leaving Mr. Blantyre smoking a cigar and in a frame of mind that could only be described as bad-tempered.

He touched a bell, and in response to his order the farm steward appeared.

"Dibbins ——"

"Sur!"

"I understand there are some new people at the Grange."

"Yes, sur, very nice people, sur—and oncommon free-'anded, *I* should say. . . . Young man chucked me a shillin' for openin' the gate o' the pasture——"

"I'm not asking what financial advantage they are to you, Dibbins. I pay you a fair wage, I think, and if you are not satisfied with it, well—I suppose you know the way off my premises by this time—damn you?"

The overseer of the farm fingered his cap and said nothing.

"Well, now perhaps you will listen to what I say." Mr. Blantyre flung his cigar into the fire. "I want to be sure of their name."

"Granton, sur," replied his steward promptly. "Guv'nor's name be David Granton, used to be on the Stock Exchange, but lived in these parts aforetime.

"Excellent, Dibbins!" said Mr. Blantyre. "Excellent! What need we of further witness? It *is* David Granton come back, then! What other interesting information, Dibbins?"

"Well, seems as if the young master is goin' to take up ridin' and shootin', and for a novice he sits a horse well. Saw him top the pasture fence without brushin' a twig the other day, too—and that's no easy jump."

Mr. Blantyre rose from his chair.

"Dibbins," said he. "If you allow any of the Grantons to ride over my land again, you will be at liberty to go and work for them. Follow? Yes? Well, you know your duty, man!"

Mr. Dibbins shuffled out.

Mr. Blantyre resumed his seat, and lighting a fresh cigar, puffed angry clouds. His son, calling his terrier off the flower-beds, looked in at the window.

"Hullo, guv'nor!"—Philip Blantyre leaned restfully upon the window-sash, his head in the dining-room.

"Don't stand grinning there, damn you!" said his father, pleasantly. "Come round by the hall like a Christian."

"All right," said Philip Blantyre, laconically. Some twenty-one years of that style of address had inured him to his father's tone of conversation.

"If I were gone," Mr. Blantyre went on, as his son entered the room, "what the devil would you do? You'd be sowing the Long Field with mustard or putting rice in the strawberry-beds, and the farm would go to rack and ruin in less than a year.

"But that's neither here nor there. Have you been round to the Grantons'—the new people at the Grange—and told 'em that if I catch old Granton or any of the damned family riding over my land I'll come and horsewhip the whole darned crew?"

The iron-grey-haired man's clean-shaven face went a pinky-purple as he spoke.

"No, I haven't been yet—besides I don't see how they hurt the pasture land, and they only ride in the Long Field sometimes. That young Granton's not such a bad chap either, by all accounts——"

"Damn, it boy!" Mr. Blantyre blazed, "I've kept you and educated you all these years. Can't you do as you're told?"

The young man picked up his cap.

"Oh, all right," he said, and lighting a cigarette turned to go.

"Stop a minute, and take that damned straw out of your mouth, boy!"

Philip Blantyre obeyed, and made himself as comfortable as possible on the corner of the table.

"Well," said he, without a trace of expression either in his voice or showing upon his face.

"I want to tell you why I won't have 'em on a square rod of my property. There's a reg'lar feud, lad, between me and the Grantons——"

"Grantons know it?" Philip queried, with some minor display of interest. His father's rule in life had long been to work himself into a rage over one person and vent it on another. Philip was so often the other that his father's tempers were matters of no moment.

"Know it? I hate 'em, that's all, boy! What the hell do you mean by sayin' this son of David Granton's 'not such a bad chap'? Damme, is my own son goin' to tell me whom I'm to like or dislike?"

Philip became lost in the movements of an early fly.

"David Granton crossed my path—and that grievously—ten years before *you* were born or thought of. And the present Mrs. Granton ——"

"I see," said Philip, laconically. "She—she ought to be here in this house *now!*" Some of the anger had gone out of the older man's face, and his voice quavered.

Philip had noticed in his early youth that another photo beside his dead mother's was among his father's treasured mementos. It was not of very much matter to him. The late Mrs. Blantyre had been victorious so far that she had died in full possession of a frail-looking, fair face, unmarked by age. But she had been a very great disappointment to Mr. Blantyre, for so foolishly dying, indirectly on Philip's behalf.

"So you see," said Mr. Blantyre after a pause, "I won't have 'em on my land. I *hate* David Granton——"

"I don't see how that applies to young——"

"It applies to the lot!" Mr. Blantyre almost yelled. "As for this young Granton, I'm not goin' to have any Cockneyfied sportsman smashing *my* fences or riding over *my* wheat. I'd rather have the whole Hunt over it—at least, they are good sportsmen and pay for any damage they do. If young Granton wants to gallop his horses, let him take 'em on the road——"

"And ruin their feet!" Philip interposed. "Really—father——"

"Don't argue with me. He can ruin every damned horse in the Grange stables for all I care. Oh—don't think they'll be so pleased to have *your* company, my boy!"

Mr. Blantyre tapped his pocket significantly. "David Granton's been making pots of money, you can bet, in the town—which is more than I've been doing on the farm—and now he comes to flaunt his splendour in my face, I suppose. . . . But I ha' got him on one thing at the start. You go, Philip, and tell him—go *now*. Say they're to keep off my land—away from my place—out of my sight——"

"All right," said Philip slowly, and, relighting his cigarette, he walked out of the room.

* * * * * * *

When he had heard his son ride away, Mr. Blantyre unlocked a small box and drew out a picture.

It was a coloured miniature in a small case. A straight nose, almost perfect Grecian features, and the hair done in that early Victorian style that suited her so well. She had been Mrs. Granton many long years now. Perhaps that face was not so comely; perhaps age had left its mark.

Mr. Blantyre caught a glimpse of his iron-grey hair in the glass.

Then he picked another photograph out of the box. On the back of it was written plainly "My wife."

This face was prettier, but not so firm in its characteristics as that portrayed in the coloured miniature.

"Poor—little—woman. At least *you'll* never change in my sight now," murmured Mr. Blantyre slowly. "And it's old I'm getting. Old—old and grey."

He strode over to the fireplace and sighed just in the very slightest degree. A second later he was watching a coloured miniature in a small case crackling and burning . . . burning until the straight nose and the perfect Grecian features had browned, blackened, and faded in the red heat.

Returning to the box on the table, something caused him to raise a frameless photograph to his lips. . . .

With a mirthless laugh for his weakness, Mr. Blantyre locked up the box.

Then he sat once more in the big arm-chair, gazing vacantly at the ashes of the miniature, which were still visible in the fire.

It was not until two hours later that Philip returned.

He had a sheepish look about him that made him appear ashamed of himself. His careless, flippant manner was gone, and for once he did not seem to dare to look the old man in the face.

"Well," said his father.

"Glad I happened to look a bit decent," he said. "She was in the garden when I called. Such a pretty straight nose and hair——"

Momentarily Mr. Blantyre forgot to be angry.

There arose in his mind the picture of an old country garden in the long ago, with the lady of the miniature moving among the flowers.

But the miniature was burned now, and as he had consigned it to the flames, so he put the picture from him.

"She's *not* aged, then?" said Mr. Blantyre a little contemptuously. "Well, boy, I'll wager that your mother—if she'd lived—would have been just as well preserved—just as well!"

Philip looked at his father curiously for a minute.

He did not quite understand. There stemed to be some subtle change in his father's voice.

"I'm talking of *Miss* Granton," he said. "But Mrs. Granton seems an awfully, kind, reserved, old lady ——"

He faltered.

"Go on, boy," said Mr. Blantyre, weakly.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm no diplomat, and not a bit of use at bein' harsh with good sports, who've done me no harm.

"Look here, father," he blurted out. "I don't know how it happened, but I've booked both of us for dinner to-night at the Grange, and myself for a ride with young Granton to-morrow!"

Scouting for Bargains

A HOBBY THAT HAS ITS DANGERS.

There must be certainly some chords in human nature which respond at once to the promise of a bargain, whether it be in a horse or a suit of clothes.

The average man scans the sales column of his favourite paper with just as much avidity as the woman flattens her nose against the window of a big drapery store when a sale is in progress. Why? Oh perhaps there is a mean streak in the best of folks, and the idea of getting something at somebody else's expense appeals to that same streak! Anyhow it is a fact that the notion of getting a bargain is one that attracts a man.

"So-and-So can drive a bargain."

Yes! And as he is in the old furniture trade a pretty penny he makes out of enthusiastic collectors on the hunt for curios.

PROFIT AND SPORT.

Scouting for bargains is a paying business for those who supply the scouts.

Still there is plenty of sport to be got out of it.

It is undoubtedly a pleasurable feeling to know that you got that "Strad." at a figure incompatible with its value—if it is genuine!

There is no fun in going to a shop and buying a reliable ordinary ticker over the counter, but there is in sending a postal order for a much-advertised cheap line in watches—sold at a bargain.

There is a certain fascination in reading about a cheap lawn-mower, especially when your "back" is a paved yard—at least that would appear from the diligence with which an acquaintance of mine studies the miscellaneous "for sale" articles.

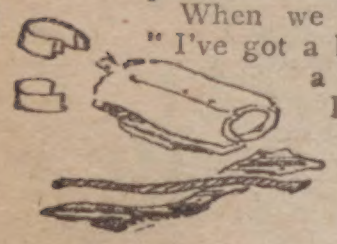
He has no ear for music of any kind, but he purchases first an Italian mandoline, then a zither, and finally an American organ, because they are bargains.

FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

It is, of course, possible after long and painful experience really to pick up "gems" in the way of bargains, but mostly they are very poor paste.

I remember one instance that came under my notice. A pal of mine rather fancied himself as a judge of precious stones, and one day, in a jeweller's shop, he picked up what the jeweller said was a fine garnet. It was an unset stone, and he put a very small price upon it, as my pal was a good customer. The purchase was effected.

When we got outside, my pal observed: "I've got a bargain, and no mistake—it is not a garnet at all, but a fine ruby."



It was, too, and, set in a heavy gold ring it is a gem any man might be glad to own and wear.

But another man who was very fond of scouting for bargains came a cropper. He prided himself on his knowledge of old prints, and got on the trail of one—a Bartolozzi—and finally he ran it to earth and bought it.

It was a very fine copy and worth as many pence as he had given pounds, and a collector of old prints wouldn't have hung it on the wall even as a gift.

There's a lot of uncertainty about scouting for bargains.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF EXCHANGE.

There is yet another way in which the chance of a bargain may turn up, and that is in "exchange."

This word has a magical sound in some folks' ears. It has in Perks's anyhow.

The idea that by parting with a useless, cumbersome mahogany table you may become possessed of a valuable mangle is irresistible.

Perks has no earthly use for a mangle—but that is beside the point.

The other day I found him struggling with an eight-day clock that he was going to exchange for a perambulator!

And Perks is a confirmed bachelor!

Another of the same fraternity, to whom scouting for bargains is the sport of life, has saddled himself with all sorts of things in the shape of reputed bargains which, as far as I can see, belie their reputations.

A mincing-machine in a two-pair-back has no affinity with its surroundings, to say the least. A garden roller, blocking up what little space there is in a city back-yard, is another bargain.

The fittings of a druggist's shop, got in exchange for a bike and a punching ball and several other athletic appliances, fill up Tomkins' sitting-room, much to his landlady's disgust—and she cannot see where the bargain comes in.

"Them advertisements is frauds," she says.

But she is wrong. It is really only another form of sport, though by some I have heard it likened to a game of chance.

MYLES'S BULL-PUP.

Myles certainly finds it so. For instance, he answered an advertisement the other day—a bike was wanted, and in exchange the advertiser was willing to give a bull-dog puppy!

Just what Myles wanted. The bike vanished and the puppy arrived. The bike was one of the best, the puppy was a dog; but the "bull" part of it was left to the imagination!

I don't know what became of the pup, but over the mantelpiece is a framed pedigree which is a marvel of ingenious make-up, if only the pup had been fashioned to fit it.

A bargain in horseflesh tempts many a budding sportsman, but the word-picture usually beats the animal by many lengths.

F. L. Jackson.

FOR YOU

It is for your benefit that we reserve the third page of the cover.

This page enables you to buy, sell, or exchange anything in the sporting line, and we want you to take advantage of it.

If you are in need of any sporting appliances—and most sportsmen are at this time of the year—have a look at that page.

If what you want is not advertised there, insert an advertisement of your own.

Your announcement need not cost you more than a shilling.

SOME CRANKS.

WEIRD CREATURES THAT MOST OF US HAVE MET.

It is a bitterly cold winter morning, and a biting blast rakes the platform of the little suburban station, as you pace up and down waiting for your train to town—and business.

There are one or two others waiting, too, with blue noses and hands plunged deep into their overcoat pockets; and soon one of them comes up to you. He asks you for a match, lights his pipe, and then starts a conversation.

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" he remarks, and you assent without enthusiasm.

"Splendid weather!" he observes again, with unction. "Do you know, when I took my usual plunge in the river this morning, there was a thin coating of ice on it? Ah—but I did enjoy it!"

Then you know him for what he is—a crank.

When you meet a crank—shun him, for he is a nuisance of the most intolerable kind. There are two varieties of cranks—the amiable and the irascible crank—and it is not easy to decide which is the worse of the two.

For instance, the amiable crank will insist on telling you all about his early morning plunges into the Serpentine—how it imparts a "glow all over," and that sort of bunkum—and will bore you to death with questions as to why you yourself don't indulge in the health-giving practice.

The irascible crank sets all your nerves ajar in another way.

Say you are travelling in a railway carriage—not a Pullman car, but one of the old-fashioned sort. No sooner are you cosily ensconced in a corner seat with a pipe in full blast and the window up to keep out the wintry wind, than the irascible crank will put in an appearance, and without a "by your leave" let down the window to the bottom. Of course, you protest. You are probably far less warmly muffled up than the crank—for though firm believers in the "fresh-air-at-any-price" theory, they always take the wise precaution of swathing themselves like mummies in rugs and other things—and the cold breeze rushing in while you are sitting still is unwelcome.

Possibly you triumph, and pull the window up again; but even now the crank manages to make himself objectionable. For, lo and behold, muttering that the smoke from your pipe is poisonous, he produces a large and pestilent peppermint drop which he sucks aggressively.

Members of the "No-Hat-Brigade" are a great nuisance at times. One can't complain much about them when they leave one alone, but they are very tiresome when they take up a game like golf. I knew a man once who was a "No-Hat" crank, and when he was playing golf on a windy day he would constantly make his unfortunate opponent wait while he "tidied" his hair with the aid of a little brush, comb, and mirror that he carried in his pocket. He played a very good game of golf; but he soon began to wonder why nobody would go round with him.

Sometimes, though fortunately they are rare, you will come across faddists who descant *ad nauseam* on the delights of sleeping in snowy and frosty weather "in a tent at the bottom of my garden, you know." They make out, proudly, that this custom has made them as hardy as the Vikings of old; but they would be very much offended if you commented on the fact that you invariably find them with a heavy cold in the head, and reeking of eucalyptus, whenever you call at their house.

I doubt whether in their heart of hearts many of these cranks really believe in their own fads, but they would sooner die than admit it.

Few—I might almost say none—of us like cranks; and as most of them are harmless, the reason for this is not readily apparent. But no doubt it is because cranks indulge in their fads not so much out of conviction as a desire for cheap notoriety—a spirit which the normal man regards with aversion.

Walter Wilkinson.

The Requisite Amount of Swank

WHY SOME MEN GET RESPECT AND OTHERS DON'T.

The exact meaning of the word "swank" is perhaps a little doubtful, for, it being slang, the dictionary knows it not. Its general interpretation, however, is plain enough.

It is used to define that abstract quality which may be differently expressed by the phrases "throwing one's weight about" and "putting on side." There is just this little difference, however, that perhaps from its very sound, the word "swank" has a more contemptuous meaning than either of these two phrases.

For a man to exhibit outward signs of inward conceit is to hall-mark himself as petty-minded, but in considering a question of general behaviour it is most dangerous to make sweeping assertions, and evidences of conceit are not to be confused with evidences of innate and justifiable pride.

A man may be proud of many things. If he is proud of his ancestry, and that only, he is a snob, and the same description may justly be applied to him if he is proud only of his wealth. The man who gives himself airs and graces, and loses sight of the proper perspective of his own importance because he is clever in book-learning, is also a snob; many school-teachers are like this.

Pride in these things, and pride of that type, is very contemptible, but there is another kind of pride which is not only justifiable, but admirable.

WHY WE KEEP STRAIGHT.

It has frequently been said that a man ought to be too proud to do a mean action or to defile himself in any way. Pride is not the right word to use in a connection of that kind. We avoid doing mean actions simply because we are not born with the caste of mind that thinks of doing them, and it is not pride that prevents us from doing them, but instinct and common-sense.

The type of pride that is most admired in a man, and that has not so far, to my knowledge, been diagnosed, is what might almost be called his animal pride.

It is a very strange thing, and I must rely upon your own observations to assist me in trying to make my meaning plain.

It is difficult to say that it is either a mental or a physical quality, for it seems to partake to some extent of both.

A man conscious of a puny physique can never possess this animal pride; a man with the finest physique in the world, but with an undeveloped or uncultured intellect, cannot possess it either. When the puny man or the ill-educated man shows evidence of this pride, we say he swanks, and, knowing the impression he is making, he hides all evidences of this pride if he is a sensible man.

PRIDE AND FITNESS.

It is a thing which is tolerable only in the man who is both fairly fit physically and fairly well-educated and fairly well-bred.

In such a man you find evidence of it in many small ways.

On the animal side of him you get it in his carriage, which has a certain amount of dignity and pride that you certainly could not call swank, but that equally certainly does not resemble the lunging and self-suppressive style of the man who regards himself as of no account.

In fact, the carriage of the man I am trying to describe does not in any way resemble that of a prancing and conceited girl, but rather that of an entire horse, combining strength, agility and unquestionable pride.

The man with the right amount of pride—or swank, if you like to call it so—has a mental attitude similar in many respects to his physical bearing, and he may in this respect be studied best when he comes into contact with those of a station considerably beneath him.

To take an example, you find some men in humble walks of life who, when speaking to a social superior, punctuate every sentence with the word "sir." There are three ways in which they are treated by such social superiors.

THE THREE WAYS.

The man who is a swank-pot is delighted at being addressed in this way, and promptly assumes a haughtiness of manner that assures his being sirred to the end of the interview.

The second is the man who, although he may be perfectly straight, too proud to do anything wrong, and all that sort of thing, is yet lacking in outward evidences of pride; to him the sirring is so distasteful that he promptly sets about putting the speaker at his ease, and after the first minute or so the word "sir" has dropped entirely from the conversation.

The third is the man who, while putting his visitor at his ease, yet maintains just that element of dignity that produces an occasional though not a constant use of the word "sir."

It is this third man who possesses just the right amount of swank.

BORN TO COMMAND.

It is he who makes the ideal Army officer, because his men, although they are not afraid of him, are never permitted to get on absolutely friendly terms with him. They never for a moment feel that he is one of themselves. They regard him as a being on a higher level, but a very kindly being, and so they love him and continue to respect him.

Familiarity breeds contempt, and, though the suppression of pride may be evidence of a man's generosity, it is by no means advisable where you have men to command, men whose respect you desire to exact.

Pride between two men of equal social class is but a barrier to friendship. Between men of different social class it is a necessity, for without it the respect of the bottom dog vanishes so far as the top dog is concerned.

M. Bruce.

THE ORDEAL OF THE HAIR-CUT.

Day by day an increasing number of men join the ranks of the "self-shavers"; but it is safe to say that no man cuts his own hair. And as the rush of modern business life does not often admit of one's patronising the same barber's shop, or at any rate the same operator, for one's periodical hair-cut, this function often partakes of the nature of an ordeal, especially in the case of the man who is, like most of us, particular about his appearance.

One barber will cut a man's hair in a fringe, regardless of directions, another will in some mysterious manner, make it "kick up" at one side, like an effeminate actor's, while a third will manage in fiendish fashion to make his victim look like a cross between a convict and a Swiss waiter.

The best thing to do is to find a good man, near your home, and always to visit him in the evening, when your work is over.

WHEN SPORTSMEN HAVE WORDS.

LITTLE WRANGLES THAT ARISE UNAVOIDABLY IN THE FIELD OF SPORT.

A fact that has probably never been disputed is that sport is productive of fewer quarrels or even acrimonious disputes than any other primary cause that can be thought of. The very word "sport" in itself precludes what is known as "bad blood." But, at the same time, no common-sense person, least of all a sportsman of experience, will deny that at times there must unavoidably arise in every sport some minor disagreement over which two sportsmen "have words."

The most common, perhaps, may be dismissed with a few sentences. It is when a party of men are shooting over dogs, and a bird gets up midway between two guns. Both men have a pot at it; and the inevitable result is a polite squabble. "My bird, sir, I think." "I am sure you are mistaken, sir. It is mine," and so forth. Generally the much-coveted corpse falls to the more uncouth of the two; for a well-bred man hates wrangling, and gives way solely for the sake of peace. So that in the end very little harm results.

The up-river man, too, can tell of little quarrels that sometimes come his way. He is pulling along quietly, a pipe between his teeth, in peaceful contemplation of the riverside scenery and happy anticipation of the cup of tea which he will brew for himself on arrival at the next island, when, suddenly, like a swallow cutting its way through the water, something darts from the other side of the river straight across his path.

It is one of those pet bugbears of the oarsman—a river yacht. "D—— you, sir, *will* you get out of my water?" shouts the irate man in the skiff; and the other is forced to comply. If he is a sportsman he apologises; but if, as is often the case, he is a purseproud cad, he moves off with sneering remarks, which provoke from the oarsman furious and spluttering rejoinders to the effect that he ought not to be allowed on the river.

Then, again, at cricket, "backing up," whether practised to excess or too little, is often productive of a mild and temporary feeling of irritability between contestants in a game.

For instance, there is the man who backs up too eagerly, who is on his toes to dart away from his crease almost before the ball is out of the bowler's hand. This naturally annoys the trundler beyond expression; and, indeed, it is a moot point whether, if the batsman at the bowler's end is out of his crease before the ball is delivered, the bowler cannot put his wicket down. Many prominent umpires are of opinion that he can.

Then, again, there is the over-cautious batsman who annoys his partner by refusing to back up at all. Many such men, when called for an absolutely safe short run, have got their partners run out through pure pig-headed stupidity; and they have richly deserved the contumely that has met them when they themselves have returned to the pavilion.

Every fisherman knows the objectionable person who, when he has been sitting patiently watching his float for hours and stoically refusing an ardently-desired pipe, pulls up in a skiff, moors just in the water whence the fisherman has been attempting to lure finny denizens, and lights up a large black cigar of poisonous odour. Surely there is an excuse for the acrimonious language which the injured fisherman cannot restrain!

Are you a billiard player? Then, perhaps, you may have played with men whom you have been forced to remonstrate with for what is a very common but supremely irritating habit. This consists in continually placing themselves on the other side of the object ball, and in a line with the striker, so that their slightest movement tends to put him off his stroke.

Of course, they don't do this intentionally. They are probably so interested in the game that they do it unconsciously; but after a time you cannot stand it any longer, and are forced to remonstrate, even at the risk of wounding their feelings.

D. B. Charlton.

Where Men Foregather

LVIII. THE REGIMENTAL DINNER.

Once a year, usually during the London "season," every regiment and corps in the Army holds its regimental dinner, a gathering of past and present officers of the regiment or corps. The regimental dinner differs from the ordinary mess dinner in that it is a much less formal function.

Mess is a parade, but the regimental dinner is, so to speak, a "mufti" gathering; and, indeed, uniform is not worn unless for some very special reason, as, for example, the presence of Royalty.

At the same time, the subaltern who took advantage of the regimental dinner to bang oranges at his Commanding Officer's head would probably get himself badly disliked, both officially and privately.

All said and done, however, the keynote of the regimental dinner is informality and goodfellowship. Its object is to bring together the past and the present, to give officers of different battalions an opportunity of making each other's acquaintance, and in general terms, to promote and foster the interests of the regiment.

WESTWARD HO!

Formerly regimental dinners were held mainly in the City, at such old and famous taverns as the Ship and Turtle, but, with the general migration westwards, they are now held chiefly in private banqueting-rooms at leading West-End hotels and restaurants.

Not a few regret this change; with all respect, the modern restaurant can show nothing to equal the old oak and silver of the ancient City taverns. Still, it was a dence of a long drive from the City—more especially when you were five in a hansom—to that Empire or Alhambra promenade which was the usual end—to some gay sparks the real beginning—of the regimental dinner.

Who shall you see at a regimental dinner? First and foremost there is the Colonel-in-Chief (or Colonel) of the regiment. He must not be confused with the C.O. or Lieut.-Col. commanding a battalion. The colonelcy of a regiment is a very great honour bestowed only on most distinguished soldiers, an honour which even kings and emperors are proud to have.

ROYAL COLONELS.

H.M. the King, for example, is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, and, of course, the King's Own Royal Regiment Norfolk Yeomanry; the German Emperor is Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, the Emperor of Austria of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, the Czar of the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), and the King of Spain of the 16th (Queen's) Lancers.

However, the regimental dinner I am dealing with is that of an ordinary line regiment, and there in the seat of honour sits our Colonel, a goodly sight to look upon. Seventy years have not bent his back, and if his hair is silvered his eye is still keen and clear.

The youngsters regard him with undisguised admiration, for is he not a V.C.? The fine, old face is mellowed and kindly now, but one can well believe that there was a time when he fully merited his nickname of "Hellfire Billy," by which he is still affectionately known.

Both a sad and a joyous occasion this for "Hellfire Billy." Sad, because every year brings him missing faces (if the "bull" may pass) at the regimental dinner. The comrades of his youth are long since gone, the lads he knew as larky subalterns when he was a C.O. are now grey-moustached field-officers—his turn must come soon, and who knows whether this may not be his last regimental dinner.

But the grand old boy's eyes gleam as he glances round the glittering table. He likes the look of the "rising generation," well-set-up, "clean-looking" youngsters all, and when dessert is on the table he will make an excuse to slip out of the chair, and will make his way to that corner where the youngsters are holding high revel.

"Hellfire Billy" loves his "boys," and his "boys" openly worship "Hellfire Billy."

The regimental dinner is something of a resurrection. It brings the half-pay major from his second-rate watering-place retreat; it lures the hard-up captain from his continental lair; it disinters the veteran from his country "grave."

OLD FRIENDS.

It is a time of jovial and surprised recognitions.

By jove! can that be Smithson, whom you last remember as a very shy, new-joined subaltern?

Smithson is now a lean, hard-bitten man with a livid scar on his brown cheek, where Ahmed Khan's scimitar all but got home. Smithson is a D.S.O., with half-a-dozen campaigns to his credit; Smithson is a bit of a swell, a brevet lieut.-colonel, marked out for promotion. And you remember him best as a very nervous subaltern who always got mixed between his right foot and his left.

Hallo! there's old "Titwillow." "Titwillow," gayest and giddiest of captains, always cheerfully overdrawn at Cox's, always in debt, always entangled in the meshes of some much-frilled petticoat.

"Tit" seems to have run to seed. His dress clothes are ten years out-of-date, and look as if he wore them twice a year. Ah, you remember now—"Titwillow" married the widow. H[ow] frightfully tight the old chap got that last ni[ght] in mess!

"Titwillow" is a gentleman, and therefore d[oes] not complain, but you gather that he is very m[uch] married, that Mrs. "Titwillow" keeps a v[ery] tight hand on him, and that the regimen[tal] dinner is his one and only annual dissipati[on]. you, I may say, have been abroad the last [ten] years, and all this is news to you.

"Tit" perks up as dinner progresses; he l[oses] his hunted look, the creases come out of [his] clothes and out of his mind. You would scarc[ely] know him when an hour or two later he h[as] "bought" the Empire promenade and is shouti[ng] champagne cocktails for beauty fair and frail.

FORGIVEN.

Hallo! there's Skinner. Never cared m[uch] for Skinner. He was always a bit too much [of] the make, and he was rather lucky to be allowe[d] to resign. The world has not gone very well wi[th] Skinner since he left the regiment. He['s] travelling in sherry, and he hasn't grown fat on [it]. Poor devil, he looks a bit pinched, and his coat is distinctly worn. Here, Skinner, old man, send along six dozen of that confounded verjuice [of] yours.

"Tommy Dodd," a commanding officer, no[w]! Oh, impossible! "Tommy" never could have passed his tactical examination. But it seems he has, and "Tommy," who used to be a "slacker," of "slackers," is now, you learn, extra-"regimental."

It is a great time for reviving old friendships, for blotting out old enmities, the regimental dinner.

The various toasts have been honoured, and the party breaks up, the youngsters to play football with an orange, the oldsters to foregather in little knots for just one more cigar and just one more glass of port—"d—mn the gout," for this evening anyway.

Then there is much whistling for taxi-cabs, and arm-in-arm the old 'uns and the young 'uns troop into the Empire or the Alhambra, and there we will leave them.

"Chinstrap."

"Smuggle me in some laundry from the place where we used to get our work done," whispered the gaolbird to his visitor.

"Why? They won't let you wear it."

"No; I want to saw my way out with [one] the collars.

Lodger: "Here's a nice breakfast to set a friend to! Did you lay the table, Mary?"

Mary: "Yes, sir. All but the eggs, sir."

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

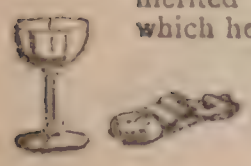
Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....



A Good Sport

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Dear old Charlie Merriston!

Now, we never mention Charlie Merriston without prefixing the "dear old" to his name. It marks our affection for him, for he is quite one of the best." The world has got its full complement of business men, level-headed men, practical men. Therefore, let it spare room, I say, for its Charlie Merristons who add to its history, who cause laughter to ring in its saddened hours, who bring smiles to the lips and a hope of better days to the hearts of mankind.

In the little company that foregathers in our favourite Isle of Aves, mayhap Charlie Merriston's name is mentioned.

"Wonder where he is?" says a man who used to know him in the old days.

"Still looking for that earthquake," we jovially reply in chorus (for Charles has an idea that one day he will make a fortune out of an earthquake, always taking for granted that he survives).

Then *solo*.

"Or hunting for that infallible system."

"Or causing a riot in Paris."

"P'raps he's doing the grand on the Riviera."

"Or indulging in a bit of gun-running on the Loire."

"More than likely he's touched lucky at Deauville ——"

"Or gone dead broke at Le Tremblay."

After that, someone recalls the old stories of the excellent Charles who lightened the darkness of our lives for a brief space, until—while the Parisian floods were on—he bade us all farewell, and departed for Nice, *viâ* Milan and Genoa, because the Sud Express could not run during the time of flood for Marseilles.

The weird combination of Cook's tickets he carried in his pocket would have driven most people mad. Charles was a man who by the exercise of his wits could traverse continent distinctly on the cheap, and cross the ocean at cross-Channel prices—somehow.

He had only been with us a month (and during that time had made us all worshippers at his shrine), when one night he stood us a small one, and in the courtly style that nothing and no one could exceed he raised his glass, mentioned us each by name, with a light, but pathetic, word here and there, and said just "*Au revoir*, Gentlemen."

"Somewhere in the world," he went on, "I look forward to seeing you again."

Then he sat down, and just for a moment there was that silence that marks true appreciation. Some of us who were interested in the "noblest work of mankind" knew that this Charlie Merriston was distinctly a character.

He like a man who expresses his familiarity with celebrated people with more than the casual "Oh yes, I know him."

He had anecdotes of the best actors, the social stars, those actresses who can *act*.

He has also one or two stories about leading managers.

"Do I know Mr. ——stein? Let's see. Yes. I had the privilege of throwing the gentleman downstairs—Casual's Club in '98."

Now, there is the finished touch of the artist about that, although it displayed a closer familiarity than Mr. ——stein probably appreciated.

Somehow, it is nice to meet a man who has thrown a fraudulent "financier" down the stairs of a leading club, and flung a furniture-on-the-hire-system shark bang into the imitation mahogany-wood casing of an alleged "grand" piano.

Charles has done both these things in righteous indignation.

In pure sport, I believe, he once played a golf match on New Year's Day at 3 a.m. in the morning. On that occasion the "links" centred around the fountain in the centre of Piccadilly Circus. The "clubs" were umbrellas, and they had to pay really exorbitant damages for smashing the windows of a leading drapery house with a golf-ball.

Charles had some money once, and proceeded to treat it on the principle that "a man is the very deuce of a time dead." During that time he was acquainted with the leading lights of the music-hall stage.

In the garden of a "little place" he had, Maida Vale way, in the palmy days, they had a moonlight cricket match. A comedian whose name is a household word, was batting, and he drove Charlie's "yorker" quite over the garden-wall into the exclusive roadway.

A second later a policeman gained entrance, and demanded the why and wherefore.

The comedian gave him two half-crowns. "That's all right," he said. "Just stay outside and field."

Charles can tell you all those yarns of the gay life, yet you know he is the man whom you can trust to make no kind of *faux pas* in the presence of your sister, sweetheart, or wife. He can talk about falls at rinking without the customary references, he can hand a cup of tea without spilling it over a lady's frock, he can sing a song that brings slight wellings to the eyes, and, mayhap, a quiver to the lips.

For all that, when he is with the men there is no question who is the leading spirit in all things.

Anything you suggest in the way of sport he is "on" immediately. A day with the hounds? Give him the chance! A sporting match of the dog-cart race style? Give him the driver's seat and something that can be made to go. Then, if you are that way inclined, you can put your half-crown down, confident that you are going to get the very best run for your money.

Money? Of course he has none to speak of. Friends? Plenty, from cabinet-ministers to oyster-fishermen, from Presidents of South American republics to heathen kings, from Lewis Wallers to "barn-stormers."

Contact with the world and doing all kinds of things in it has taught him the utter worthlessness of snobbery—that is, if he ever had any of it in him, which seems a thing unlikely. But from such as are in "menial" positions, no one gets more respect than Charles. Even a "printer's devil" would be enthusiastic about him, were Charles in the journalistic line, which he is *not*.

Dear old Charlie Merriston!

Although he spends his hard-earned money too freely, and looks but little into that Future which he leaves to take care of itself, he is the type of human tonic that it would greatly benefit the majority of steady and more "substantial" men to take sometimes.

He has struck the happy medium for which we all are seeking.

He is a sportsman, a gentleman—and a man!

S. B. Worsfold.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR WHO BELIEVES IN IT.

"Never buy what you cannot pay for." That is a maxim laid down by most of those writers who try to give advice on the manner in which one should conduct one's life.

Looking at it impartially, I believe this advice is sound, but my own policy has for some time past been to enjoy things that in the ordinary way I certainly could not afford.

I admit that I was not influenced to take up Territorial work until there came into being the Territorial boom which started in The Modern Man and the "Daily Mail," but when once I began to see what I considered to be my duty to my country, I was very keen upon fulfilling it.

I discussed the matter with a friend with whom I had had intimate business relations.

"Which is the most expensive regiment in London," he asked me, and I told him. "Then that's the one for you," he said. "Take a commission in it right away."

He was a man on whose advice I relied, and although I knew that it was a daring step to take, I forthwith applied for a commission in the regiment in question. They are rather a swanky lot, and it is necessary to have, besides the usual kit, a full-dress uniform. Altogether, my initial expenses in taking a commission in that regiment amounted to over £100.

The tailors' bill had, of course, to be paid at once, and my business instinct showed me how to get a discount from them by paying cash. Five per cent. was the reduction I got for ready money, but, even when the total was reduced in this way, there still remained the problem as to where the funds were to come from.

I could not afford to be an officer—or at least most people would have said that I could not afford it—but when I was faced with the difficulty of meeting the cost I found a way out of it. There was one large business account which could be put off till a month hence. The delay enabled me to meet part of my military expenses. I saved a further sum by buying certain of the goods needed in my business from a new firm who could supply me more cheaply. I should probably never have discovered them had I not been compelled by my extravagance to look about.

The net result of that venture was that by looking about to see how I could economise in order to enable me to become an officer, I not only saved the price of my uniforms, but even made a little by transferring my business to the cheaper firm.

My Captain is a man who habitually sails close to the financial wind. He is not addicted to drunkenness or to excess of any kind, but he believes in having a good time, and I have, in the course of my friendship with him, discovered that his income is only slightly more than my own.

He is present at almost every race meeting, because he likes racing, but his bets are always judicious and invariably small. He is an exceptionally lucky beggar, and he reckons upon making a little instead of losing a lot through his fondness for the turf. He also keeps a motor-cycle, and he rides regularly in the Row of a morning. I have visited his house several times, and have seen at first hand that he lives in a very comfortable, not to say luxurious manner.

"My dear boy," he said, "if you waited till you could afford things you would never get anything at all. Once I went on these lines, but, as my needs or desires grew stronger and more imperative, I discovered that the secret of happiness was to go for them right away and to find the wherewithal afterwards. It's surprising what you can do when you're really faced with the need for money."

I believe he was right. Most of us work along in a groove, perfectly content if we earn enough to meet our usual wants, and without any definite motive or purpose for making more. When, however, you find yourself saddled with an expenditure that positively demands you should earn more, you buckle to and work harder than you ever did before, and so you earn more money.

R. J. Hillman.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Long experience had trained Dr. Nantwich to size up callers at sight. The young man who had just stepped briskly into his consulting-room he saw to be clean, well set-up, clear of eye and skin, and with a frank smile that had nothing of apprehension in it.

"Good evening, doctor," said the young man.

"How do you do?" said Dr. Nantwich, advancing and shaking his hand. "Though I need scarcely ask, if appearances are any criterion."

It was a habit of Dr. Nantwich, and one of the secrets of his success and popularity, to affect a cheerful disbelief in the existence of bodily ills, and thus to render superfluous, as it were, the existence of doctors.

"Look well, do I?" said the young man, pleased.

"Fit as a fiddle."

"That's good. I feel ditto."

"Then I am of no use to you," said Dr. Nantwich, with a smile.

"So I hope," agreed the young man, "but I want you to overhaul me just the same. My name's Edgar Sparling; I'm a cashier at the Municipal Bank in Cannon Street, and I've had it in my mind for some time to give the 5.28 a miss one of these nights, just to run along and see you to make assurance doubly sure. You see," he added, with engaging embarrassment, "I—I am going to be married in a fortnight's time, and I thought a visit something of a duty."

"Quite so. An uncommonly sensible precaution." Dr. Nantwich's keen instinct had discerned that this candid manner did not conceal, as so often it did, a secret fear that something after all was wrong. "No symptoms of any disorder, I suppose?"

"No."

"Appetite good?"

"Yes."

"Sleep well?"

"Not very."

"How's that?"

"I never did. Even as a youngster I used to lie awake a good deal."

"Your brain is a trifle over-active probably. Smoke much?"

"Only moderately. Mostly a pipe."

"I like my pipe myself," said Dr. Nantwich.

With a gesture he invited Sparling to undress, and turned his attention meanwhile to something else.

The examination was brief, but obviously satisfactory up to a certain point. Then, at the prod of a hard finger in the bend of his spine, Sparling winced. Dr. Nantwich, with his hand on his shoulder, his eyes keen, repeated the prod. Sparling's lips tightened.

"Hurt?" said Dr. Nantwich.

"A bit."

Sparling felt the hand run up his back and the firm pressure of a finger on a certain place at the base of the skull. He jerked his head away in pain.

"Steady," said Dr. Nantwich.

Hitherto cursory, the examination now became minute. He scrutinised Sparling's eyeballs intently, pulling the corners wide, making him stare in all directions. He told him to stand with his heels together, his eyes closed.

Sparling swayed.

"Try again," said Dr. Nantwich encouragingly. But there was gravity on his face. He had to put his arm out to save Sparling from falling.

"Now sit down. Cross your legs."

Sparling obeyed, looking at him wonderingly.

The doctor struck him smartly just above the knee with the side of his hand.

"What's up, doctor? There's nothing wrong, surely!"

"Keep still a moment."

Another smart tap, the doctor stooping. Sparling felt nothing except a peculiar deadness of limb.

"You can dress now," he was quietly told.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked perplexedly, and struck his knee in imitation of the doctor to mark the effect. There was none, so far as he could tell.

Dr. Nantwich had turned away, and was standing with his back to him, his head bowed in thought.

"*Is* there?" persisted Sparling.

"It looks like it. But my knowledge may be at fault."

The words came reluctantly, but immediately afterwards Dr. Nantwich faced round decisively. Sparling was already on his feet.

"Get into your clothes before you catch cold," interposed the doctor before he could speak, "and answer me a few questions. How old are you?"

He stepped over to his table as he spoke, and sat down.

"Twenty-seven," answered Sparling.

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"I'm an only son."

"Living at home?"

"Yes."

"Your father and mother alive?"

"Yes."

"Both in good health?"

"Yes."

"Ever had anything the matter with you?"

"Chicken-pox, measles, whoop——"

"Anything *serious*?" interrupted the doctor.

"No. I've always been particularly strong, fond of outdoor exercise, physical culture, and so on."

Sparling was gathering courage from his answers. He went on with his dressing more energetically.

The doctor waited for him to finish. He was a smooth-shaven, elderly man, with a broad, kindly mouth and penetrating grey eyes. He watched Sparling's every movement with curious fixity; and Sparling was conscious of it.

"I say," said the latter, with a short, mirthless laugh, pausing in the act of tugging at his tie, "I don't feel exactly—comfortable." He became pleading all at once. "You'd tell me—wouldn't you?—if there was anything wrong."

A silence.

Sparling took a sudden plunging step towards him.

"For God's sake!——" he began.

The doctor put up his hand and stopped him.

"I cannot diagnose," he said, slowly and distinctly, "unless I am absolutely sure. You must see a specialist."

He got up quickly as Sparling's hands jerked out, and, going over to him, he held him by the shoulders, staring earnestly into his eyes.

"Until you know," he said, "be plucky enough not to give way to alarm. To save you suspense, you can consult the right man at once if you choose. He is a friend of mine, and I shall telephone him."

Sparling nodded dumbly and suffered himself to be pushed into a chair. A vague unnameable dread seemed to have chilled his soul into silence.

In a few moments Dr. Nantwich rang for the maid and ordered a taxi, and then put on his hat and overcoat.

"You coming, too?" said Sparling, lifelessly.

"I have nothing else to do for the next half-hour or so," replied Dr. Nantwich, untruthfully.

II.

Time after time between six-thirty and ten o'clock Mrs. Sparling had observed to her husband, "Whatever can have become of Edgar?" and on each occasion Mr. Sparling had replied comfortably that the boy must have gone to the theatre or have called in to visit some friends.

"But he always tells me when he won't be home till late," insisted Mrs. Sparling, conscious of a vague uneasiness of mind. "I hope nothing has happened to him."

Mr. Sparling grunted over his book.

Towards eleven o'clock Edgar came. Mr. Sparling looked up with a question on his lips as he entered. But the question was never uttered.

Instead she rose swiftly and went to him.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "what is it?"

He pushed her aside gently, looking not at her but at his father.

"I want to speak to you, father," he said in a monotone.

"Tell me," entreated his mother; "is it Lillian? Is she ill? Has she quarrelled with you?"

"I haven't seen her," he answered, standing very stiffly and still. "I want to speak to father alone. I'll tell you about it afterwards."

She took one of his hands between both of hers and looked closely at him.

"You want to speak to him alone?" she said.

"Yes."

"Why are you looking at him like that?" she whispered. "Why don't you look at me?"

She shook his arm slightly. He made no sign.

"I'm frightened," she moaned. "Eddie, what is it? What's the matter, dear?" She turned appealingly to her husband. "George, make him tell me what's the matter."

"Tut, the boy's all right. What's wrong, Edgar? You look as if you'd seen a ghost." Mr. Sparling was inconsistent, but practical. "You better go to bed, my dear, if Edgar has something to say to me."

"Yes, please go, mother," said Edgar.

She held his hand to her cheek for a moment, and then went silently from the room.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Sparling, looking at his son over the top of his eye-glasses: "been getting into trouble, and want your old father to help you out of it?"

Edgar sat down slowly in a chair without removing his eyes from his father's face.

"Father," he said in a monotone, "I want you to tell me if you've ever had ——"

And he named a terrible disease.

Mr. Sparling had been affectionate and almost jovial until now. But at the question he sat bolt upright, dropping his book with the vigour of the start.

"Edgar, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Had your father before you?"

"Good gad! how do I know? What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean," said Edgar, lifelessly, "that I have inherited the disease, and that within a year I shall be a paralytic. It has already affected the nerve centres."

"My boy! My son! Edgar!" Mr. Sparling jumped violently to his feet. "Nonsense! You're mad!" He shook his fists in quivering passion, exclaiming incoherent incredulity, growing more angry that there appeared no change of expression on his son's face.

And suddenly he stopped, surrendering slowly

the hideous horror of conviction.
"My God!" he whispered. And again, with arting eyes—"My God!"
"I am visited with the sins of the fathers," said is son.
With face and hand uplifted Mr. Sparling cried oud, "God knows it is not my sin."
Then he broke down, the tears streaming down s face, imploring his son to tell him it was not ue, that there was some ghastly mistake, or, at ast, some cure for this thing of loathsome evil ad come down from the past.
"I have seen the most noted specialist in ondon," said his son in a monotone. "He gives e a year. I've been walking about ever since ying to think it out. I can't. I think the news ruck my brain dead already. I wish it had ruck my body, too." His voice shrank to a uttering whisper. "To have to wait! That's e worst—to have to wait for it. . . ."
"Oh, God, what is to become of us?" said the ther. "And Lilian!"
At the word Edgar took fire.
"She has been saved in time," he said. "It is orth bearing if only to know that!"
But the next moment he turned to the table and id his face in his arms, sobbing as though heart would break.
Mr. Sparling ran to the door and called loudly r his wife. She came breathlessly in. In arse, anguished accents he told her. At first e did not understand, but gazed from one to the ther, the blood fading from her face until she as dead-white.
Then, without a word, she drew a chair up eside her bowed-down son, lifted his head to est against her breast, and held him tight.

WINTER v. SUMMER.

At this time of the year, when the trees are nce more beginning to clothe themselves in light pring garments of green and the sun shines own with increasing geniality on enthusiastic illow-wielders in verdant meadows, it may not e out of place to cogitate the vexed question as whether, from the sportsman's point of view, inter or summer offers the greater attractions.
The man whose one and only sport is football ill, of course, sturdily vote for winter, and ummer will find an equally devoted supporter in e man for whom, without cricket, life would be nothing.
But looking at the question with an unprejuiced eye, it would certainly seem that summer of the pull over the more rugged season, in that e has so many more sports to offer. Rowing, inning, water-polo, lawn-tennis, angling, are ll essentially summer sports; and even cycling gold, which supporters of winter claim for r own, are indisputably much more enjoyable the summer season. No, there is not much which season is the more attractive to the ority of sportsmen.

FAKED BULLDOGS.

The wiles of the professional "dog-fancier" re many and varied. Many are fraudulent, and olve cruelty to the animal treated; while there e some which are more or less legitimate.
In this category comes a not generally known ion which is frequently practised on bull-. None of our dog-loving readers will need be told that a very desirable point in a bulldog that he should be immensely "broad-ed," *i.e.*, possess a wide chest, and that s chest should have a tendency to turn in. Many n who makes a living by breeding and ng dogs will turn a straight-legged, narrow-ested bulldog into one possessing both the forementioned important characteristics.
The way he does it is to place a handkerchief er the dog's neck, so that it hangs down over th shoulders. Then he passes the ends under e front-legs, pulls them tight, and ties them mly over the dog's back. The animal is made o wear this bandage for half an hour or so every ay; and in a few weeks his appearance, from the udge's point of view, is enormously improved.

My Experiences in Digs

SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

It has been my lot to spend many years in lodgings, both in London and in provincial towns, and I have come to the conclusion that though there is a certain element of family likeness about all the places I have put up in, yet each has had an individuality of its own.

There is the "home from home" sort, where the landlady is called "Ma," and you take pot luck with the family.

On account of this familiarity your room is a small attic, where you sleep on a makeshift bed and adjust your tie on your knees before a bit of cracked mirror nailed just above the empty sugar-box that is ornamented with a muslin curtain and serves as a washstand.

Of course you are expected to pay with regularity, but your meals partake of the ups and downs of Ma's exchequer. When she is flush the grub is all right; when she happens to be a bit short (through her husband backing a winner, she explains lucidly), your rations are also docked.

If you make a complaint about anything, her reply is always the same; she states that she is "homely," and believes this should cover everything.

We are told that there's no place like home. Thank goodness that there are few homes like hers.

AN EVELESS EDEN.

I had digs once with an old seafaring man, and a cleaner or cosier place I never was in, though there wasn't a woman on board.

It was a rum little cottage, as much like a ship as the old boy could make it. And his cooking!—well, it made me want to go to sea.

The only drawback was that the cottage was a bit too near the water for my taste, and a bit too blowy on stormy nights; but stopping there gave me a distaste for a ménage run by a female for a long time after.

I rank these particular digs with others that I have had at farmhouses.

My business has to be done in towns, but usually I have my week-ends free, and whenever I settle down in a place I advertise in the local papers for country week-end lodgings.

In many cases I have been very lucky, and in no case have I been overcharged.

"Young man wants board and lodging at farmhouse for week-ends from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. State terms and give full particulars."

That is how my advertisement runs, and I always get good results.

Some of those who write want as much as 12s. and even a guinea for putting me up, but, of course, I give them the go-by.

Others, of the genuine farming class, promise to give me all I want for 7s. 6d., and some even for 5s.

COUNTRY SIMPLICITY AND GUILE.

I have been very comfortable at many of these country digs. Often I have discovered that the man who replies to my advertisement is a young farmer who wants company, and in such cases I have had a very good time, for he is keener on having someone to chat to and smoke with than he is on making money out of his lodgers.

You have to be careful in selecting country diggings, however, for sometimes you run across a farm housewife who knows how to lay on the extras as well as any seaside landlady.

Once I hit on a beauty of this type. She sent me her bill on the Sunday evening, and it included such little items as "boot cleaning, 2s. 6d.; use of cruet, 1s.; hot water, 1s.; light, 2s."

As in the letter I had sent her I was very particular to point out that there should be no extras of any kind, I felt a bit nettled about this bill, and you can hardly blame me for leaving, without saying good-bye, at seven o'clock on the Monday morning before she or her family were about. I left on my dressing-table an envelope containing the 7s. 6d. I had agreed to pay her, and I hope she appreciated the lesson. Anyhow, she did not write to protest about it.

Even landladies of this type can, however, be tempted to become honest during the winter and early spring months, and at such times I have found them treat me very well. It is when the summer comes round and they can let their rooms easily that they become rapacious.

In selecting digs, you have to be very careful, and you have to possess some experience, or go by the advice of someone who has been through the mill.

If you are careful, however, there is no reason why you should not be fairly happy in lodgings.

H. Cowan.

THE ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN.

There is perhaps no more enviable man than he who can take a hand capably at any sport or in any game—in other words, than the "all-round" sportsman. In the ordinary way he rejoices in a splendid disregard of "weather conditions," that intolerable bugbear of the man who specialises in one sport—and one only.

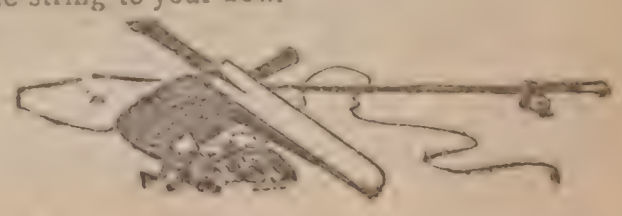
Is the ground too soft, after recent rains, for cricket practice at the nets? The "all-round" man doesn't care. He packs up an unsightly assortment of fishing implements, and starts off for the nearest river whose fishing rights are not protected.

Or else he goes down to the boat-house, takes a boat out for an hour or two, during which time he enjoys himself to the utmost, and then trots home, in a mild perspiration, to have a good rub-down before doing ample justice to a filling and soul-satisfying tea.

But what does the man resort to whose one and only pet sport is, say, cricket, and who cannot get any "as the ground is unfit"? He moons miserably around the house, swearing voluminously under his breath, because the one day in the week which is free from work has been rendered practically worthless to him.

And later on, no doubt, he starts gloomily out for a walk, to rid himself, if possible, of the depression that besets him. But walking appeals more to contemplative natures. To the man who wants excitement it offers only a feeble attraction.

The secret of sporting happiness is to have more than one string to your bow.



WANTED: A SIGNPOST REVOLUTION.

OF INTEREST TO USERS OF THE ROAD.

It has long been an honoured tradition that all users of the high road are bound together in a sort of freemasonry of good feeling. The motorist who appears to hurry past the humble pedestrian, toiling along, cap in hand, with ankles and calves bespattered with the mud thrown up from his heels, would doubtless prove as ready to lend a hand to a wayfarer overtaken by disaster as any other mortal.

It is only in appearance that he seems to have so little consideration for others, and I defy any man to ride in a motor-car at a good speed, and not insensibly give an impression of haughtiness and disdain towards other users of the road.

But this is by the way, and only to try and show that the great road, whether it be the wide turnpike on the narrow lane, is a leveller of men.

The cyclist is proverbially ready to give a helping hand to his fellow with punctured tyre or troublesome chain; and no man has ever appealed in vain to any of the army of walkers. When we are out upon the road, our sporting instincts seem to rise to their highest and finest expression; and though I remember once being asked by a cyclist whether I had bought his back wheel—a question that I resented at the time—I recollect now that I had hung on to him rather tenaciously during a large part of an afternoon's run.

I gave him a soft answer, however, and we chummed up and had a rare old tea together at an inn on the Bath road.

Very well, I have, I hope, shown plainly that we are all good friends on the road. This being so, we are all most naturally interested in all that pertains to our comfort when out, and this brings me to the subject that is nearest to my heart and mind at the moment—the subject of signposts and directions in general.

One and all of us, as users of the road, have splendid opportunities of bringing to the notice of those queer and antiquated bodies, the parish and districts councils, the deplorable state of the signposts in our rural districts.

These old moss-covered stones with the chiselled names of towns and mileage crumbled away by weathering, and the sodden, mouldering old posts with the mileage inaccurate and the names nearly illegible, are still far too numerous in almost every county.

They are worse than useless, inasmuch as they often tell us what we don't want to know. They give us the name of the place we know all about, and leave us in doubt about half the little places which are really difficult to find.

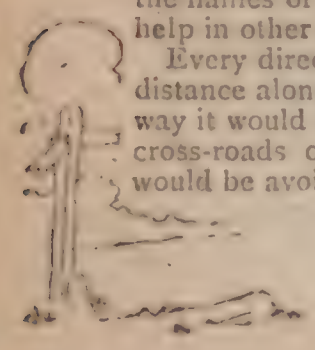
But this is a general characteristic. Coming to particular details, what cyclist has not called curses down upon those who erect the posts whose several arms are all on the same level, so that on looking at one all the others are hidden? This means dismounting just when you are well set in the saddle, and to dismount upsets you for the next half-hour's ride. Where signposts have more than one arm they should be put at different levels, so that he who rides may read.

Names are often painted in letters far too small to be read from the road, and posts are often planted in the deep recesses of the hedge so that it is ten to one against your seeing them. If you do see them, it is not until you are almost past—hence further delays.

Again, even if the sign-post tells you the things you most want to know, it leaves you in absolute doubt as to where you are. Why should not the name of the place or parish in which the post stands be painted in very large letters on the upright post? This would save confusion with the names of places further on, and would be of help in other ways.

Every direction post should be visible for some distance along the roads leading to it. In this way it would serve as a warning that there are cross-roads or turnings, and many an accident would be avoided.

C. Easton-Grey.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A MIDDLE-AGED SPORTSMAN.

Recently there called at my office a man somewhere between forty-five and fifty. He wanted me to give him the address of a riding school in London where he could learn to jump. A little judicious and sympathetic questioning elicited the fact that he could not even ride, and eventually he admitted it was so, but that he had not liked to acknowledge it.

"You know," he said, "I've always been as keen as possible on horses and riding, but circumstances have been against me, and it's only now that I've got the time and the money to go in for it. Mine has been a hard life and not a very lucky one, and my opportunities for taking up sport or volunteering (in my young days you were all volunteers, of course) were very limited. It's never too late to mend, however, and now that I've half retired from business, I'm going to begin the youth that I never enjoyed."

In my humble opinion he was a good old sport, and I gave him a recommendation to a riding school where they would teach him without making him run undue risks and also without making him feel humiliated when he experienced the beginner's usual difficulty in finding his seat.

I daresay that there are many middle-aged men like him. Their business has not been sufficiently successful to let them get the things they wanted when they were young.

I must candidly say that I admire these veteran novices, although I am sorry that they could not have had a taste of what it is to enjoy sport when the heart, as well as the body, is still young.

LONDON AS I SEE IT.

I am asked by a correspondent why I devote so much space to country life. "Working in the heart of London as you do," he says, "surely you could find more romance and more interest in the life of a city than in the life of the country."

I admit at once that romance of a kind exists in London, but it is nullified by circumstances.

London life appears to be a continual mockery and pretence. The lady of Suburbia, whose husband is something in the City, speaks of their one and only sitting-room either as their morning-room or as their library, the one claim of the room to this description being its possession of a small bookcase half filled with unreadable books in decent bindings, and half with fairly readable ones in paper covers.

When you first come to London you probably feel as I did. You are ready to take the people at their own valuation, willing to like them and to make friends with them; but before you have much intercourse with them socially, you are pulled up short. You find Mrs. Suburbia referring grandiloquently to her one and only general servant as her "maid," and you discover a hundred other little things that make her and all her kind absolutely impossible as friends.

It is a great pity, for often Mrs. Suburbia is at heart a kindly soul, capable of better things; but the very fact that she lives in London appears to colour her outlook in this objectionable way.

She can see, free of charge, people riding and driving in the park, and in the shop windows she can study, without cost, the latest Paris creations in fashion; also she reads the fashion papers. These may be the causes, but, whatever the causes may be, the result is indubitable. She becomes a person of consistent pretence.

Her one aim and object is to impress even the most casual acquaintance with the supposed fact that she is quite "in the swim." She impresses nobody, and it is doubtful whether she even attains her own end by impressing herself. You are, of course, to some extent an observer of men and things, and you find the base, but possibly solid, metal peeping through the gilt-plating so often as to make your impression of her tawdry.

THE EFFECT ON MEN.

It is not often that I deal with women in this paper, but I do so here because I believe that they are the chief sinners in the production of the absurd quasi-social atmosphere with which suburban London is environed.

If they kept their pretentiousness to themselves one would not mind so much, for they would be only subjects for humour and amusement, but unfortunately they infect their sons and husbands with it also, robbing them of their manhood and their genuineness and giving them nothing in its place but hollow pretence.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Contrast this state of things with the country. There you find the Squire, a gentleman every inch of him, a man who does not need to assert in any way his claims to consideration and deference, because his friends—and everybody is a friend of him—know exactly what he is. In his conversation, whether it be with his equals or with those far beneath him in station, he is just the same—a plain, honest, English gentleman, unpretentious because his claims are undisputed.

Next to him in social rank comes the yeoman farmer and his wife, both genuinely hearty people, living as comfortably as they can afford, respectful to their betters, and kind to the poor. Next again come the labouring class, as genuine as any, living within their means, and [illegible] nothing so much as the danger of being accused of assuming a position which they do not hold.

The two sketches I have given you of London and the country are crude, I admit, but I think they may help to explain why it is that I like the country better.

AN EPISODE OF SO-CALLED ROMANCE.

My correspondent talked of the romance of London. I know a good deal of this so-called romance. Here is just a scrap of it. A man whom I know intimately became engaged some years ago to one of our leading musical comedy actresses. I have seen the girl, and she is not to be confused with the type of actress that has become conventionalised in the minds of many. She was not fast, she did not smoke cigarettes or drink champagne, and she did not accept the flowers that were sent to her by admirers in the stalls.

She had been discovered by an enterprising London manager at a charity concert in a country village, and she brought all the simplicity and the charm of the country with her to London.

She was straight as a die, and she would have made a capital wife for my friend, but London with its hollowness and its pretence had cast its spell about her.

The son of a nigger prince came to London with a show; she threw my friend over and married this nigger at a registry office. She divorced him within a month, and with good cause; but she was perfectly satisfied, for she is now Princess ——, and it was simply to have this handle to her name that she disgraced her sex, her nationality, and her colour.

My friend married shortly afterwards, and married rashly. He has no children, and his union has not been a happy one. Perhaps it is because he has been unhappy at home that he has stuck to his work so hard. Anyhow, he has made himself a great commercial success. He allows his wife a large annual income, houses her well away from London, and he himself lives in a fashionable hotel in the Strand.

He is an excellent chap, and he has worked so hard that one would say he deserved all the happiness the gods could give him, and that happiness he would have had if the false glamour of London pretentiousness had not cast its spell over the [illegible] to whom he first was engaged.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, W.C.

SOME CANKERED SPORTS.

THE ABUSES THAT ARE ROTTING THEM.

To deny that England is a sporting country would of course entitle one to the proud status of Champion Idiot of the World. It is safe to say that all of us, even those who take no active part in sport at all, are sportsmen at heart, for an intense interest and delight in many sports of the field is part of the birthright of every Briton.

In these conditions it is all the more painful to observe how some of our oldest-established sports are being rotted before our eyes, and how seldom anybody ventures to raise his voice in protest.

Let us take, for instance, the case of Association football. Here is a game which is, of course, supported enthusiastically by millions of Britons; but from the point of view of the real sporting "spirit" it is atrophied disastrously.

This is clearly demonstrated by the fact that millions of people go every Saturday to see twenty-two paid players foul one another systematically for an hour and a half; whereas good, scientific, clean football, as played by such teams as the Corinthians, the New Crusaders, or the Universities, is in many cases attended solely by a sprinkling of spectators made up from the players' personal friends.

Why is this? Simply because the newspapers "boom up" professional football, with stories of the fabulous sums paid in "transfer fees" for the various players, and publish ridiculous cartoons and verses in their special football editions; because professional matches are often honoured with as much as three-quarters of a column of report, together with a quarter of a column of "notes on the game"; whereas amateur fixtures are in most cases reported in an inch and a half or so of closely-printed type.

The canker of Football is the "professional boom."

The same state of affairs obtains in the cricket world, but, happily, not to the same extent. But a particularly undesirable innovation was started some years ago by one or two halfpenny dailies in the shape of reports of county games signed by prominent members of the teams involved. That this had the effect of attracting the popular attention to the prosperous and successful county teams, boasting the greatest numbers of famous players, to the detriment of the struggling but equally sporting counties, is, of course, indubitable.

Wrestling is one of the oldest-established sports in Great Britain; and it is sad to think how it has been slowly killed during the past few years. Whereas less than fifty years ago thousands of men would be roused to the highest pitch of excitement at the prospect of a bout between a Cornish wrestler and a doughty Cumberland athlete, nowadays the mere mention of the word "wrestling" calls forth from sportsmen a shrug of indifference and sometimes of disgust.

For this we have again to thank the newspapers, who, by acting in collusion with wealthy music-hall and booming Demon Dutchmen, Roaring Russians, Fearful Frenchmen, and so forth, who never once fought a genuine bout, have brought about the demise of wrestling as a sport for the people.

At the moment of writing, articles have been signed by two famous boxers to fight in the near future. Considerable excitement is aroused over the projected contest, which is looked upon as likely to prove a truly sporting one. But, alas! many rumours are getting round that those two men have also formed a secret agreement to put up a "barney" for at least ten rounds, for the simple reason—oh, shades of Heenan and Sayers!—that if the fight were decided in less, the value of the biograph pictures would be considerably diminished!

When the sporting spirit of boxing is sacrificed to the value of biograph pictures, it is time seriously to consider whether there is not some canker which is eating deep into the heart of more sports than one.

S. J. Stevens.

SPORTING STORIES

A MISTAKE.

The kindly old gentleman was making his way from Dublin to England, and during the voyage he struck up a boisterous friendship with a little chap whose age was somewhere between five and six.

The old gentleman remained on deck, smoking his big cigar and watching the stars come out, and the little boy was carried off to his bunk by his mother.

Presently the kindly old gentleman thought he had better take a nap also, and so he went below.

From beneath the curtain of one of the bunks there appeared a tiny pink foot, and the kindly old gentleman smiled approvingly.

He caught the foot with one hand, and pinched the great toe with the thumb and forefinger of the other.

"This little pig went to market," he said. Then he pinched the next toe and remarked, "this little pig stayed at home."

The head of the little boy's mother appeared at the other end of the curtain.

"When you've quite finished fooling about with my foot," she said, "I'd be glad if you would let it go. I want to sleep."

ACCUSTOMED TO IT.

He was a nice little boy, with a Tam-o'-Shanter, and a red scarf round his neck.

He reminded the lady golfer of Mr. Hassall's picture of "Wee Macgreegor," and she thought she would like to know a little more about him.

She was one of those charming young ladies who think it "the thing" to take an interest in the submerged tenth, don't you know.

"Have you been a caddie long?" she asked, by way of an opening.

The boy looked at her with all the wisdom of Solomon in his eyes.

"It's a' richt, miss," he said. "If ye want to sweer, sweer awa'. I dinna care."

MY PRETTY MAID.

It was one of those cases where tradition is at fault. She was a milkmaid; he asked her where she was going, and all the rest of it, but instead of rebuffing him she proved uncommonly kind.

And the young man, who had come from the city for a short country holiday, began to think he had struck the right place for enjoying himself.

He was helping her over a stile one morning, when, either owing to the weight of the milk-pails or owing to clumsiness on his part, she slipped and sprained her ankle. She was hurt rather badly, and he called at the farm next morning to ask about her.

Timidly he knocked at the door, and the farmer answered in person.

"How is the milkmaid?" asked the young man, for he did not know her name.

"Our milk isn't made," said the farmer. "It comes straight from the cow."

And before the young man could think of a reply, the door was shut.

SOME DOG NOTES.

AN OPPORTUNITY AND A CAUTION.

It has often struck me that there are many possibilities in a purchase of greyhounds which are cast off by the training kennels and come up for sale in the Metropolis.

The first possibility which perhaps occurs to the mind of ordinary exhibitors of dogs is that at these sales it is possible to secure for a few guineas dogs quite good enough to win in the show-ring.

Then it is also to be noted that greyhound classes nowadays figure in more prize schedules than they used to do; hence the chances of securing prizes are greater than they were even five years ago. Many of the best-known show-ring winning greyhounds of the moment are animals which have won in public, and not a few have been alternately exhibited and raced.

The outline of a trained coursing dog is as pretty as a picture. He comes out well muscled up, with a beautifully turned barrel and long, straight limbs, standing on the best of sound feet. What more could one want for a picture? Soundness is ensured—soundness of constitution as well as staminal soundness.

All dog owners must be warned against the chances of falling foul of the law consequent upon the coming into force of the new order.

Every dog in England and Wales, except packs of hounds, dogs used for sporting purposes and the destruction of vermin, or shepherds' dogs, must wear a collar-plate or badge bearing the name and address of its owner whenever it makes its appearance in a public street or place within the meaning of the Act.

Prior to April 1 this order had only been in vogue in certain parts of the country, and many "catch" convictions have been secured by the police. Now, however, the rule is to be a general one, and the police have the power to "arrest" any dog found without means of identification upon him, and the owner on coming for him is liable to be summoned and fined anything that stretches far, like the long arm of the law and coincidence, at any rate up to £20.

Therefore it should be everyone's policy to have stamped a supply of metal tallies for their dogs' collars. These slipped on to the collar-rung by the aid of a key-ring make admirable substitutes for those engraved plates which adorn the collars of dogs with fastidious owners.

Bernard G. Brown.

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Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

OVER-EATING.

For the average person there is more danger in over-eating than in eating too little.

The many who die every day of starvation are often the victims of circumstances, and so deserving of our pity, but those who die of excess have only themselves to thank.

Ignorance is often as much to blame as lack of self-denial, but nevertheless it is possible nowadays for any man to take the trouble to find out what is good for him.

Regular meal-times and plenty of fruit are the most important items according to the greatest authorities, and meat should not be indulged in more than twice or even once a day. This is not to say that one should replace it by the messed-up dishes of the vegetarian, but the plainer and more natural the food is the better.

Thorough mastication is one of the greatest safeguards against over-eating, as well as greatly aiding the digestion and exercising the jaw muscles, and keeping the teeth in order. A man who takes the trouble thoroughly to bite and chew his food before swallowing it will rarely eat more than he actually requires. It will involve a definite effort on his part that would not be demanded of the man who bolts his food, so that he will think twice before taking more food after he has ceased to be hungry.

Without proper mastication the best of food becomes actually injurious, and the tax on the digestive organs is sure to have a serious effect on the system sooner or later.

AN EXERCISE FOR GRACE.

Take a chair and stand in line with the back leg, as shown in the sketch, resting the left hand lightly on the back of the chair. Now raise the right arm above the head, and brace the body up so as to reach as high up as possible, ; keep the head back and the chest thrown out.

Swing slowly.

Swing the left leg backwards off the floor, keeping it rigid, and swing the right arm forward, until both limbs assume the position illustrated.

Then swing them slowly back to the starting point, and repeat the movements some dozen times, and turn round so that your right hand rests on the back of the chair, and the left arm is raised and the left arm and right leg are swung.

Let the body swing forward only so much as is necessary to maintain the balance.

The exercise is to be recommended to all those who are anxious to improve the carriage of their body and to acquire gracefulness of movement and suppleness of limb.

FOR THE BACK, CHEST AND LUNGS.

This exercise is another of those depending on muscular resistance, and involving even more than those exercises consisting of movements of the muscles, complete concentration of the will.

Place the hands behind the back, keeping them down as low as possible.

At the beginning the chest should be contracted and the shoulders forward. The hands should be lightly clasped in the position indicated, the wrists being bent as much as possible.

Give your mind to it.

Now expel the air from the lungs, and press backwards with your elbows and shoulders as hard as possible.

The chest should now be expanded to its fullest extent, and the shoulder blades and the muscles of the back forced well together. At the same time push the hands down so as to stretch the arms as much as possible.

Finally, relax the muscles and return to the starting position and repeat the process.

The exercise is an admirable developer for the muscles of the back, and for straightening round shoulders and filling out flat chests. It will also greatly strengthen the lungs.

But it will prove quite useless unless the will-power is concentrated on the movements and every ounce of vigour available put into them.

As the strain of such an exercise is considerable, it is advisable not to attempt it more often than once every other day. Variety is of the essence of physical culture, as well as mental, and there are very few exercises which it is advisable to practise more than once a day.

FINDING TIME.

Readers often complain to me that they find it impossible to find time for physical exercises.

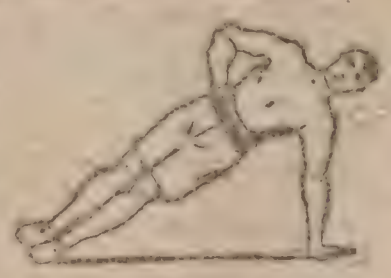
In most cases I know that this is due to the fact that they have an exaggerated idea of the time required. No one but a professional strong man would devote two or three hours every day to exercise of this kind, any more than an amateur pianist would practise for that time.

Make up your mind to devote five minutes, or even less, morning or evening, to physical exercises, and you will soon find yourself able even to increase the time you can spare for them.

A FINE EXERCISE FOR THE LIMBS.

The exercise of which the starting position is here shown is by no means an easy one for the man of ordinary development, but it will prove of great benefit in developing the legs and the muscles of the side and shoulder.

Take up the position illustrated, with the left hand and the side of the left foot only on the ground and the right hand on the hip.



Not an easy feat.

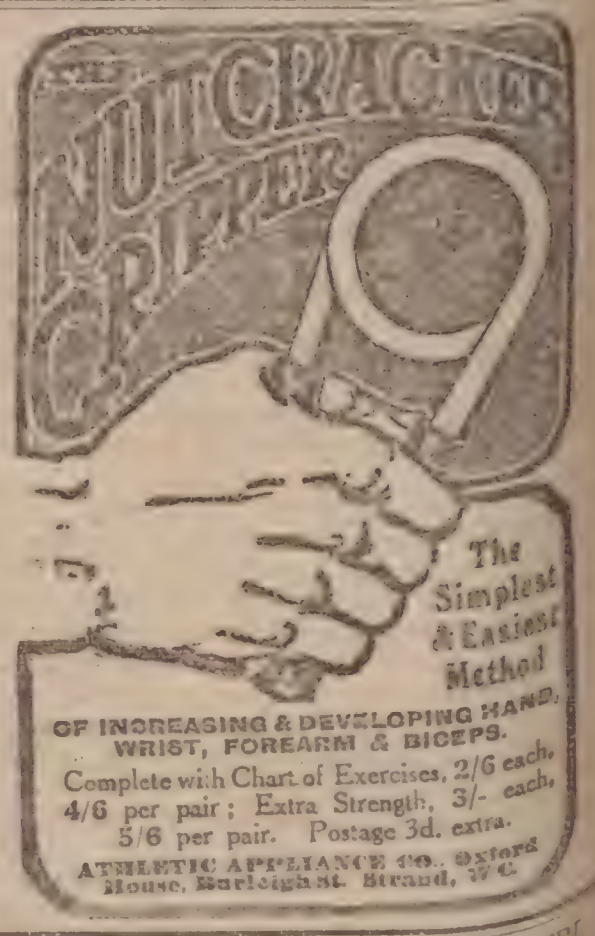
Now vigorously raise the right leg, keeping it rigid and immediately above the left leg, until the feet are as far separated as possible.

At the same time bring the right arm round with a circular motion, with the hand open, until it is extended above the head and in line with the lower leg.

Return the limbs slowly to the starting position, and repeat the exercise with a vigorous kick upwards three times.

Then turn over so that the right hand and [illegible] are on the ground, and repeat the process [illegible] times with the left leg and arm.

It is essential that the body and limbs [illegible] remain throughout in the same plane, and [illegible] neither the leg nor arm should be raised in front of or behind the body.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NAPOLEON ON PHYSICAL CULTURE

Nowadays when Physical Culture is all the rage, many well-known men, both past and present, have had their sayings anent health quoted (and misquoted) to a considerable extent. It is not generally known that the great general, Napoleon, held some sound views on health. He is credited with having said "*More people die of eating too much than eating too little.*" This is the opinion of a shrewd observer, and it holds good to-day. Also "*The first requisite of good generalship is good health.*" This latter observation from the most famous general of all time should be borne in mind by all, and the business man or youth of to-day could not possibly do better than write to Mr. Thomas Inch, Dept. M.M., [illegible] Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W., mentioning this paper, when his free booklet, "Health at Home," will be sent by return, gratis, with [illegible] for postal instruction. The increased energy and improved appearance guaranteed by Mr. Inch's course form absolutely the most profitable investment on record. His system is recommended by the Editor of this paper, Mr. C. B. Fry, the Editors of all Physical Culture Magazines, and over 30,000 pupils. Mr. Inch claims that for the prevention of influenza and for permanently building up after influenza, his course of Home Training is ahead of any other method known to science.

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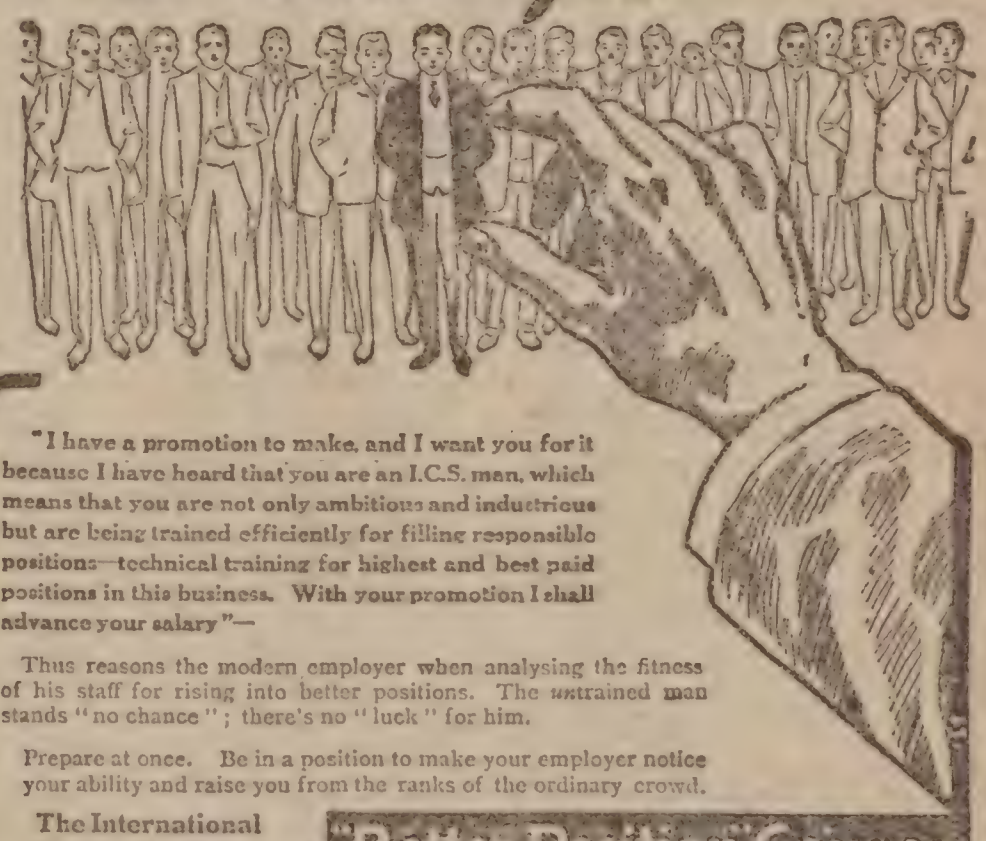

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Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
7333	J. W.	14	12	6
7666	do.	13	0	0
7991	do.	29	12	6
8454	do.	11	5	0
8554	do.	19	12	6
8620	do.	9	10	0
8686	do.	7	10	0
8778	do.	14	12	6
9152	do.	16	2	0
9239	do.	7	13	1
9573	do.	20	15	6
9900	do.	7	16	2
10170	do.	10	5	0
10299	do.	6	0	0
10753	do.	21	5	0
10867	do.	21	10	0
11114	do.	19	5	0
12183	do.	19	15	7
12245	do.	20	0	0
Carried forward...		£290	2	4

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
Brought forward...		290	2	4
12294	J. W.	21	15	0
12418	do.	10	0	0
12500	do.	18	15	0
12519	do.	6	15	0
12538	do.	15	0	0
12832	do.	10	5	0
12887	do.	6	0	0
13936	do.	13	17	6
13347	do.	18	0	0
13606	do.	7	15	0
13385	do.	9	0	0
14163	do.	18	15	0
14325	do.	12	15	0
14393	do.	16	0	0
14575	do.	11	6	0
14638	do.	9	10	0
14649	do.	10	10	0
14897	do.	12	0	0
Total ...		£518	0	10

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
316	J. F.	27	10	0
480	do.	20	0	0
1344	do.	19	0	0
3077	do.	45	9	3
3323	do.	8	2	6
3347	do.	8	0	0
3364	do.	9	10	0
3608	do.	47	0	0
4185	do.	12	0	0
4352	do.	26	17	4
4891	do.	27	0	0
4310	do.	8	0	0
4991	do.	32	0	0
5176	do.	32	0	0
5247	do.	52	0	0
5546	do.	14	6	3
6111	do.	5	11	5
6762	do.	23	3	0
6855	do.	10	0	0
6939	do.	23	11	0
Carried forward...		£451	0	9

Cheque No.		£	s.	d.
Brought forward...		451	0	0
7483	J. F.	11	5	0
9019	do.	11	10	0
10230	do.	14	10	0
10363	do.	9	0	0
10451	do.	19	0	0
12156	do.	17	5	3
12751	do.	7	6	0
13048	do.	61	10	0
13186	do.	34	5	0
14090	do.	9	0	0
14243	do.	13	0	0
Total ...		£657	12	0

6672	F. P.	8	4	4
9277	do.	8	0	0
10072	do.	12	0	0
11697	do.	12	0	0
11782	do.	63	0	0
Total ...		£103	4	4

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M.M.
53.

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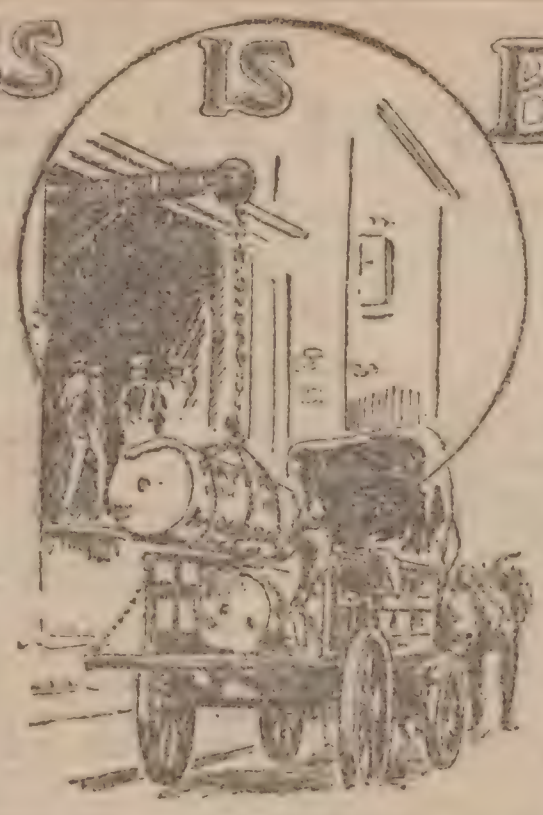

UNNECESSARY DELAYS.

I have dealt before with the subject of judicious hustling, but I doubt whether it is possible for me to deal with it at too great length, for experience shows me that upon a man's ability to hustle judiciously depends much of his success.

I have before now emphasised the uselessness of panic-stricken hustle, and I need not say more on that point. What I want to deal with this week is the need for the business man to avoid unnecessary delays.

Every man who has worked in an office knows the person who betakes himself to the lavatory for an unlimited period. Some difficulty occurs during his absence, and his presence in the office becomes necessary. It may be that a customer makes an inquiry over the telephone concerning the dispatch of certain goods, and that the only man who can answer the inquiry is the man who is not present. It would, perhaps, be fatal to the continuance of this account if the customer were kept waiting, and the absentee has to be fetched.

Another clerk is sent to bring him back, and he finds him standing in front of the mirror, calmly pushing back the cuticle of his finger nails with his penknife. He is informed that he is wanted urgently, but he makes no particular haste to return to his room.

Instead of drying his hands in an instant, he takes a couple of minutes over the process, using two towels to make certain that no particles of moisture shall remain upon his skin. When he gets into the office he is all hustle, but very probably he is too late, and the customer has rung off and has been so disgusted with the delay that the business has been lost.

That is but one example of the unnecessary delays that militate against a man without doing him the slightest good.

Another common occurence is for the clerk to pretend inevitable idleness. He says that he has finished the immediate work he has been given to do, and he sits idly at his desk, clearing his throat, tapping a pencil against his teeth, and affecting every sign of impatience. He appears to be most anxious for more work to do.

It may be that his employer, or whoever has seen to be responsible for his work, is engaged on other matters, and cannot at the moment set him a fresh task.

I do not think that a man's work is ever finished. The clerk who sits clearing his throat and tapping his teeth has generally several things waiting that he could seize this opportunity to accomplish.

You find him out afterwards. You ask him why this or that has not been done, and he tells you he has not had time, and it is only when you remember these periods of unnecessary idleness that he forced upon your attention that you know that he lies—unintentionally, perhaps.

In every office and in every business there are a hundred and one things that a man can turn his hand to unobtrusively when he finds his urgent work done.

It is by getting through these things at such times that he earns the reputation of being a good worker.

No employer thinks a whit more of the man who imitates him by affecting idleness and lack of occupation, but he does think a lot of the man who gets on quietly with his work, doing things that he thinks he may never receive credit for.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE RUBBER BOOM.

The rush for rubber—I had almost written rubbish, and there are some of which this would be the better description—shares grows apace. To-day, as I write, the newspapers are choked with these and other prospectuses.

I have given my readers two rubber tips—Vallambrosa and United Serdangs.

Vallambrosa were 38s. to 39s. at the time I was writing, but by the time that number of THE MODERN MAN got at close quarters with its readers they were probably 41s. As they are now 45s., however, those who bought have done well.

United Serdangs have also gone better. They were 6⅛ as I wrote advising a purchase. They are now 7⅛-⅜.

A JUNGLE TIP.

The West African market in my opinion will in the near future see much better prices. It has been taken in hand by the South African magnates. Ergo, we may calculate on advances in prices.

To come from the general to the particular, Broomassie are good for a rise. They have a strong backing now, after having been quiet for a long time. At the moment they are 10s. 6d.—6d. above par.

THE POOR SPECULATOR.

I have often wondered how the respectable outside-broking firms protect themselves against people who cannot afford to lose, sending up money for speculation.

That seems like putting the cart before the horse, but it isn't. The man or woman speculating ought to know best whether they can afford to do so. And in these days of free education handwriting is no criterion.

Of course, the bucket-shop keeper—here to-day and gone to-morrow—doesn't care a hang, but an established firm, whose reputation is valuable, doesn't wish to take money from poor people.

So I put the question plainly to the National Share Exchange, as the largest outside firm, "How do you protect yourselves from these foolish people?"

"We can't absolutely," was the answer. "If it's a business-like letter, there is nothing to indicate the circumstances of the writer. Sometimes, however, a prospective client tells us his circumstances, and if they are such that he cannot afford to lose we return his money. Generally, we have to judge by the merest indications.

"We do all that we can to exclude these people from speculative business with us, to illustrate which I may say that we have a form of reply called the 'E.P.' (evidently poor) letter. It reads: 'I am in receipt of your favour of yesterday's date, for which I thank you. As your means are evidently limited, we would not advise you to speculate, at all events for the present, as there is always an element of risk in speculation.—Yours truly—'"

MOLASSINE (D. E., Northampton).—The latest interim dividend on ordinary shares is 5 per cent., and the prospects are very good.

R. A. (Stoke Newington). — Hold on. The decline is only temporary.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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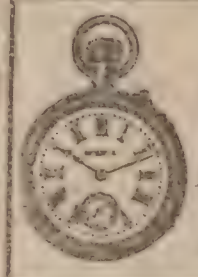

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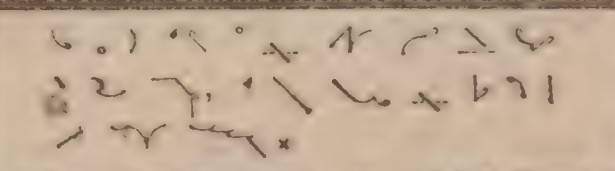

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

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V.

TWO INVESTMENTS.

I.

Tom Burgess was whistling a snatch of a refrain in the harness-room when James Monk, his faithful lieutenant and ally, entered, crooning a song, hopelessly out of tune, about a bull-frog being "no nightingale"—a logical conclusion, if nothing else.

"Done, thank God!" said Mr. James Monk, and, reaching down his coat, he held it out to Tom Burgess with a request that he might give him a lift on with it.

"This is yours, I think." Burgess handed him a small envelope marked "Monk," and evidently containing coin. The Major did things very neatly. A secretary to one who lived upon unearned increment could ask no more delicate treatment.

Monk tore open the envelope, and although he had consulted no high authority on economics, he promptly converted that envelope to some use.

Wetting a stump of pencil, he spread the torn scrap open upon his knee, inscribed it "Old Worcester 2s. 6d. win, 2s. 6d. place," and extracting two half-crowns from his wages, he wrapped them up in the self-same scrap of paper.

"Backin' anything to-day, Burgess?" asked Mr. Monk. "Now you ought to have a bit on this. I'm told he can give the field a stone, and *roll* home, bar nothin'!"

Burgess was examining the silver and the two or three small pieces of gold contained in the little cotton bag which formed his Bank of England.

"Backin' anything?" Burgess totted up his assets in the "sack."

"Yes," said he, "I'm having twenty bob on a double—New Boots and New Leggings."

"Own brothers," said Mr. Monk, artistically, "by Less Drink out of Burgess's Sack. I'm backin' 'Old Worcester,' Tom. But, mind you, I don't fancy it. It's information——"

"Sounds horribly like a family connection with mugs, doesn't it?"

"How's George Brooker?" asked Mr. Monk hurriedly. "I haven't heard the rights of his case yet. You know how they go on talkin' down the village, and they're always askin' me for information, seein' that you were a witness of the whole thing. It's no use me telling 'em I can't get you to talk. I gave 'em the straight tip the other day to quiz you, and look out for their optics. Yes, the *straight* tip."

"Ah, they didn't fancy it! They wanted information, James, straight from the course."

"Some say," said Monk, reflectively, "that George was tryin' to commit sooicide, 'im 'avin' such a mean old scamp for a guv'nor. Others, that it was an accident. And he's worked night an' day for Parris and Sons, too—groom, footman, carter, stableman, and all sorts, he is, rolled into one, y'know. Sort o' good-hearted chap who'll wait up till the last train from London and drive old Parris back to the Mill House (rotten old show, crumblin' for the want of a splash of plaster!) without a bloomin' word. Yet 'e don't get as much as an extry dollar at Christmas. Oh, 'e's a mean old beggar is John Parris! But about Brooker—that is, if you've got *time*, Burgess."

"I'm ridin' to Leicester about those boots and leggin's now. Just goin' to saddle the chestnut."

"Allow *me* to assist yer."

Mr. Monk disappeared in a twinkling, and for a moment nothing but "coom overs" and "whoays!" came from the chestnut hack's box. Then the diminutive Monk reappeared, leading the big horse—or, to be strictly accurate, *vice versâ*.

Together they saddled the horse, Mr. Monk still indulging in various queries anent the accident to George Brooker. "You'll be passing George's," said Monk desperately, "and you might just look in and say that I hope his—whatever it is that's hurt—will soon be all kiff again."

"Say you hope he'll soon be all kiff. He's had what's professionally known as a nasty shaking," said Burgess, a little testily, as he swung his leg over the horse. A sergeant-major of cavalry could have asked for no greater precision.

"Nasty shaking. . . . 'Oo shook him? Here's your stirrup, sir. Damned if I don't treat you like the Earl o' Lonsdale, and bless me if you'll explain exactly what's——"

"Oh, yes, I will." Burgess drew the reins up classically. "Stick a few sacks o' beans on a cart, drive practically flush with the shafts, and let a couple of 'em fall on you and knock you swosh into the middle of the road while the cart sails gaily on, then you'll have a full explanation of the present state of Mr. George Brooker! No bones broken—lucky I was near enough to lug the sacks off him at once; but he can hardly hobble. It was on Tuesday it happened, remember, and this is Saturday. So it was no new form of amusement invented by George to beat cock fightin' or foxhuntin', you can bet. Good-bye, James. Gee-up there, my beauty."

"Fare ye well," said Mr. Monk, and having barred and locked all open doors, he hung the keys up, and with a sigh of some satisfaction strolled towards the village of Mannerbridge, intent on a shilling "Special" known as "Stable Secrets Weekly," a publication compiled with some care as to "latest information" (from Fleet Street bars) by the aid of the "Racing Calendar" and a bright, hopeful imagination.

Old Worcester, it appeared, was running in the principal race at Alexandra Park that Saturday. In "Stable Secrets Weekly" it held a distinguished place. It was the editor's "Special Selection." It also appeared as the "Treble-Starred Saturday Snip" in the Newmarket Notes. The "Latest Advices from the Course" gave it, and its name appeared once more among "Horses worth watching."

"I wish," said Mr. Monk mournfully to his "commission agent," "that my half-dollar each way was half as safe as Burgess's double to-day, all said and done."

"Burgess don't back 'orses!" said the check-waistcoated gentleman. "Oo are ye tryin' to kid? Wot double?"

"New Boots an' New Leggin's," responded Mr. Monk, returning the special to his pocket, and trying to feel that he was no end of a sportsman.

"Bigger certs than anythin' in racin'. You can plank all the world every time on *them*, can't ye?" said the "runner" philosophically, and pocketed Mr. Monk's investment.

II.

Tom Burgess was content to let the chestnut [illegible] on at a light hand canter. His time was no [illegible] entirely his own, and he was looking for[illegible] rather, to the pleasure of selecting the new be[illegible] and leggings of which he stood in need.

Even if a man has to ride other people's horses, there is no rule that says he shall not [illegible] in decent breeches, leggings, and boots, and alas! for our moralisings!—appearance in [illegible] days still goeth wondrous far, and a man "dre[illegible] for the part" is usually the man who succeeds [illegible] Life's stage.

Thus Tom rode on in a cheerful state of mi[illegible] Dropping into a smart trot as he rode throu[illegible] Mannerbridge village, he pulled up smartly [illegible] side the "Stores," where butter, tintacks, bacc[illegible] oil, tobacco, and other things were retailed.

It was for the last-named item—four ounces [illegible] the best shag—that Burgess called now.

A little further on he went again to the "sac[illegible] and, producing three shillings and sixpen[illegible] bought a bottle of the best invalid port at the [illegible]

Now, good wine neither needs a "bush" n[illegible] shaking up—wherefore he walked his ho[illegible] rest of the way to the cottage of George Br[illegible]

It was Mrs. Brooker who appeared—a cle[illegible] dark-haired little woman, who supported a [illegible] generation in her right arm and held a little [illegible] by the hand.

Wouldn't Mr. Burgess come in for a mom[illegible] and speak to George? Yes, he was better, [illegible] —Mrs. Brooker smiled a little sadly—he see[illegible] to be "a-hankerin' after a man to talk to."

Burgess dismounted, and tethering his ho[illegible] securely to the gate-post, he followed a thin wi[illegible] blouse and a faded threadbare skirt [illegible] speckless parlour.

"You men'll want to talk—I'll go," said [illegible] Brooker, and, smiling, went.

Mr. Brooker, who was extracting a certa[illegible] amount of smoke from dusty tobacco, looked u[illegible] happily as Tom entered. He was trying to lo[illegible] as little like an invalid as possible in a hig[illegible] backed chair.

"Right pleased to see ye, boy," said Mr[illegible] Brooker.

"Not knocked off your smokin, then?" s[illegible] Burgess, cheerfully.

"No. I can hold a pipe, and that's about all[illegible] There'll be another week o' this, you can [illegible] said Brooker, miserably. "I hope it 'ont be [illegible] I like to be out and about. This is like [illegible] prison."

"Brought you a little tobacco," said Bur[illegible] "Where's your jar? And why shouldn't [illegible] gentleman have a glass o' wine, Brooker? N[illegible] word, partner. One day, perhaps, you'll do [illegible] same for me."

"Right heartily! This is the stuff I want, [illegible] Can't afford that out o' twenty-five bob, y'know. An' that reminds me——"

Mr. Brooker rapped on the wall, a feat eas[illegible] accomplishment, as the proverbial cat coul[illegible] scarcely have been swung in the little room.

"She's a-fussin' 'erself up, Burgess. Dre[illegible] It's the first thing in life with women, I tell ye.

Mrs. Brooker appeared, "fussed up" accor[illegible] ingly, in a white apron.

"I was sayin', m'dear, to Mr. Burgess 'ere, th[illegible] *that* reminded me. What were we talkin' ab[illegible] Burgess?"

The invalid's tone was a little vacant.

"Twenty-five bob," Burgess returned prom[illegible]

"Yes. Twenty-five bob, Mrs. B."

The pale Brooker eyed Burgess questioning[illegible]

"P'r'aps," he began, "p'r'aps ——"

"'E's so backward a-comin' forward, [illegible] Burgess," said the little woman. "He means [illegible] you stay with him while I run up to the Mill House [illegible] and get his——"

"Salary!" said Mr. Brooker, with a fe[illegible] attempt at a watery smile. "As paid by Mr. [illegible] Parris to *Mister* George Brooker. Go, Mrs. [illegible] and return with the shekels. Burgess, I'll w[illegible] will stay. She 'ont be more'n ten minu[illegible] Burgess. Twenty-five shillings, Mrs. B.," Broo[illegible] added grandiloquently; "which works out at [illegible] an'-twopence a day, with no extras for Sunday[illegible]

Overtime, an' there ye are! 'Oo *would* be Mr. John Burns, with only a beggarly three thousand a year rise?"

Burgess had by this time drawn the cork of the wine-bottle and poured a generous portion into a broken-stemmed affair usually used by the Brookers when elderberry wine was in season, or upon dread occasions when bitter draughts, manufactured in the interests of early spring, had to be swallowed by the family.

Brooker raised the glass.

"To Mr. Tom Burgess," he said, "the nicest man 'oo ever came to Mannerbridge village!"

Mrs. Brooker had put on her hat, and was ready to go to the Mill House.

"What about the guv'nor?" she asked.

"*And*," said Brooker, "'ere's also to Mr. John Harris, 'oo 'as allus paid me what was m' dues —an' no more!"

Mr. Brooker tossed off the concoction, as it allowed of no standing down upon the broken stem.

He waited until his wife had closed the door. Then he leaned over to Burgess, as well as he might.

"Boy," said he, "I'm troubled. I'm onhappy."

"What is it?" asked Burgess.

"Well—I daren't confess it to the missus." Brooker put his hand on two or three bills and an account book of the penny red variety. "I haven't got no head for figures. Now what I'm supposed to do is assist the missus by makin' up these 'ere accounts, but drivin' horses is more in my line, as, mebbe, it is in yours. If you can't manage it, well Lovely Woman has once more to triumph over Inferior Man."

Mr. Brooker toyed with the bills and mixed them up as if that would have simplified the situation. At length he turned appealingly to Burgess, who with his legs comfortably outstretched, smoked the pipe of fraternity.

"That's all right," said Burgess. "Your line is complete rest, mental as well as physical. I follow?"

Mr. Brooker nodded whole-souled approval.

"Total liability is wot's required," said he.

Burgess picked up the papers.

"I can do this in half a shake for you," said Burgess. "Grocer, ten and twopence; butcher, two bob; baker, two and four; milk, a shilling. That's eighteen and six, George."

George made some heavy calculations upon his finger-tips.

"Marvellous woman," he said after going over the thing several times to be sure of his ground. "Marvellous woman. Look here, Tom, eighteen an' six—that's a pound, ain't it?"

"Well, said Burgess.

"Well, that's my 'usuals'—my spendin' money. That leaves five shillin's out o' the twenty-five shillin's that she's now gone to fetch from the Mill House, don't it?"

"I believe that's right," said Burgess.

"Well, two an' six is rent and two an' six is for repairs—boots mended, etcetra. What do you think of *that* for a woman? What do you think of *her* for a manager? Although she's a fussy over her dress, I'll always give her she's a good manager!"

"When the women rule we shall see her as Chancelloress of the Exchequer," said Burgess, in keeping with his friend's humour.

"We shall. Well, when she comes back I'll wager m' life she has all that money in silver, and she'll portion it out in little heaps—fair pretty to watch her, mate. Good she's been to me, Burgess, *good*!" There was a weakness in Mr. Brooker's voice not altogether due to his physical condition. "You wait till she comes back, an' she'll pile up the silver in little heaps. . . . And there she comes, I know her footsteps anywhere. 'Allo m'dear."

Mr. Brooker craned his neck round as far as he could, and a suspicion of a smile played round his lips.

Mrs. Brooker took off her hat without a word. It was evident that she did it entirely in the interests of economy, for the next minute she allowed her head to drop on to her arms on the table, and it was plain that she was sobbing as silently as she could.

"Good God, woman, what's the matter?" said her husband.

Burgess, momentarily embarrassed, was staring straight into the fire.

Little Mrs. Brooker looked up through her tear-stained eyes and tossed her head almost defiantly.

"The beast—the bad 'un—the mean wretch!" she said. "He gave me eight an' fourpence, an' said it was your pay in full for the two days you worked before you were so d—dam careless, *he* said, as to stack those sacks so badly. Eight an' fourpence, George, an' he said I could take that or the full money instead o' notice. Course I took *that*—and heaven only knows how much we owe!"

"Oh I know, besides heaven, Mrs. B.," said Burgess, cheerily. "It's eighteen an' six, not including the rent, Mr. Brooker's 'usuals,' and your 'extras.'"

He pulled out his "sack."

"Look here," said he. "To-day, in the words of Monk, I was going to plank twenty bob on a double. I may serve a more useful purpose by putting it on—er—Household Expenses for you. Come, Brooker, you *must* take it, man—for your wife's sake, for the kids' sake."

* * * * * * *

That evening Tom Burgess met his right-hand man, Mr. James Monk, who was wearing the broadest of smiles.

"How did the little investment come off, James?" he asked.

"Won in a bloomin' walk at tens, Tom," said Mr. Monk. "Come and 'ave a beer on the strength, laddie."

Tom Burgess, however, refrained from informing Mr. Monk that his "double" had "gone down."

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—Editor.]

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THE HORSE THAT HADN'T A VICE.

BY THE MAN WHO BOUGHT HIM.

He was a jewel of a horse to look at.

In fact, that was what his owner called him.

I was a novice in those days, and I was looking at the horse, so I missed the crafty smile on the man's face.

He was three parts thoroughbred (the horse, I mean; his owner was not one half). Even I could see that, greenhorn as I was.

He had a rich chestnut colour, with a white star on his forehead and four white stockings, and more white in his eye than an older buyer would have liked.

"Yes, 'e's a jewel of a horse."

I ought to have inquired if he was a ruby or only a toad's eye, but I didn't—I asked his figure instead.

And what's more, I paid it. I left those stables the proud owner of a "horse that hadn't a vice." That recommendation was a dark saying, but as time went on the meaning was made clear to me. He was a good one to go, and his canter was an exquisite pleasure—but he was a devil to mount.

But my groom was a capital fellow, only he knew a trifle less about horsey matters than I did. He knew a sick horse from a well one, but he had had no experience of a horse that hadn't a vice.

He was, as I have just said, awkward to mount, but my man forbore to tell me he was infinitely worse to saddle, and as for shoeing him, the smith vowed he'd rather shoe fifty vicious horses.

"He's too good for this 'ere world," he would respond with a grin to my man's repeated declaration that he hadn't a vice.

But for some months I got a lot of pleasure out of my purchase. Once on his back it was all right. The chestnut could go and did go—took his fences like a bird and was the pleasantest mount I had ever had.

Then little things came to my knowledge, and questions began to trouble me persistently like flies about a horse in summer—questions I had not thought of before.

I had bought this jewel for a very low figure. I had had no warranty with him. I had purchased him for his beauty on the word of a horse-dealer that he hadn't a vice.

The smith, every time I passed his forge on my return ride, used to make a point of saying: "Glad to see you back safe and sound, sir," until I made up my mind to come back another way to avoid him.

But my groom fell sick and I had a raw lad in his place.

He could do nothing with the chestnut—neither groom nor saddle him, so I had perforce to take a hand myself.

Little by little the meaning of that dark saying became clear. His owner was not exactly telling a lie—in one sense it was truth wrong side up!

He hadn't one vice; I found out, for the simple reason that he had all those known to the equine race.

I turned him out to grass at last. The paddock was a large one, well fenced.

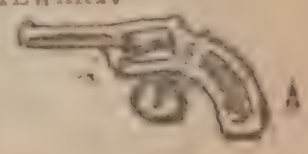
I entered it one morning. The chestnut saw me. I called him and he came—yes, came for me with mouth open and a savage gleam in his eyes.

I was several yards away from the gate. The brute gave me no time to lay plans—he seized me.

I thought all was up. It had been raining, and I still wore my topcoat, and that probably saved my skin.

Something startled the brute—probably my kick—for he let me go, and I cleared that fence in as grand a fashion as any professional high-jumper.

But I shot the jewel. A. M. Stewart.



THE SCIENCE OF WEIGHT-LIFTING

SOME HINTS BY THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

The science of weight-lifting is that of lifting a heavy weight with the least exertion or expenditure of energy, and to do this it is necessary to bring as many muscles into play as possible.

It also involves the knowledge of how to do things at the right moment, and to waste as little time as possible in lifting. The longer you hold a weight, the heavier it feels, so that to lift a really heavy weight it is necessary to do the lift as quick as possible, and thus keep plenty of energy in store for the next lift.

And here let me warn you not to attempt too much. It is the ruination of weight-lifters and the fault of many beginners who are too enthusiastic. The only cure for staleness is to take a rest for a week, at least.

THE NEED FOR INSTRUCTION.

If you think you have not mastered the proper movements, don't go on struggling by yourself, but see a good instructor.

If you want to be a success, you must have first-class instruction from the beginning. There is only one way to lift, and there are not many instructors who know the right way. The science of weight-lifting is making strides every day, and only those who make it a life study are to thank for it.

A few years ago it was thought remarkable for a nine-stone man to press with one hand 160lbs. Now we know it is possible to add nearly 100lbs. to that weight, owing to the progress of science in weight-lifting.

To prove that it is science alone, and not the development of strength, let us take the nine-stone man who lifts considerably over 200lbs., and measure him, and we shall find that he is no bigger in any way than the nine-stone man of a few years back, who only pressed 160lbs.

NOT BY STRENGTH ALONE.

Of course, it requires a certain amount of strength to lift heavy weights. This is only natural; but the greater part of the credit must be given to science.

Take a simple lift with one hand all the way, for instance. Pick up a weight of 60lbs. or so with one hand, and try to lift it slowly above the head, using mere strength, and you will find it a severe feat. Now take a barbell weighing 140lbs., presuming you are a tried weight-lifter, and when pulling the bell in to the shoulder, give the necessary dip to get your arm under the bell. Then, when pressing aloft, use the body-press instead of an ordinary straight push, or jerk the weight aloft, and you will see at the finish of the feat that you have done the lift much easier and with less expenditure of energy than with the first lift of 60lbs. This explains my statement when I say that the greater part of the weight is lifted by science.

These scientific positions in weight-lifting also do away with the danger of straining the heart and other internal organs.

SCIENCE V. SIZE.

I have seen a big man of about 16st. struggling to get a weight up of only 60lbs., and, on the other hand, I have seen a man of only half his weight lift with a fair amount of ease 120lbs.—twice the weight of the big man's 60lbs.—and yet the bigger man was the strongest. How do you account for it? you may say. It is a case of science again; the smaller man simply is well up in the science and possesses a certain amount of strength, but the bigger man has strength only.

Ju-Jitsu wrestling is very similar, in a sense, to scientific lifting. Put a Ju-Jitsu wrestler against an ordinary catch-as-catch-can wrestler, and the latter can be twice the former's weight, yet the "Ju-Jitsuian" will come out on top. This is proved by actual contests that have taken place.

The more you study the science of weight-lifting, you see more and more possibilities of getting up heavier weights than have ever been raised before, and you begin to think that nothing is impossible.

INCREASING KNOWLEDGE.

I myself have raised weights which a few years ago I would have thought it impossible to move, yet I know I am not much stronger than I was a few years back, but I have increased my knowledge of science considerably, with the result that I only practise about once a week or a fortnight with heavy weights, although many lifters practise every day, and in some cases two or three times a day.

This is due to the different kinds of muscle I possess, which they do not—muscle which is always supple, and which I attribute to the various exercises I perform with this end in view.

I have always advocated a special kind of exercise for the weight-lifter, these exercises being specially adapted to assist in the quick movements necessary for quick or scientific weight-lifting.

The above-mentioned exercises include boxing, jumping, skipping, acrobatics, bending, or contortion movements, and free exercises. Wrestling is of no use, as this kind of exercise tends to make your movements slow, and this is one reason why a few years ago I gave up wrestling.

The kind of training I advise in this article has, I claim, enabled weight-lifting to cease to appear the slow and cumbersome exercise that it was a few years back, yet I believe there are a few to-day who still think it a slow game. They are mistaken, however, and would acknowledge their mistake if they saw a ... tific weight-lifter at work.

I think I have said enough to prove ... weight-lifting is a scientific sport, and not ... hard and straining work some people ma... out, and I think that it should have a hig... place among the leading popular sports pat... nised by the public to-day.

E. ASTON.

IN A BOAT.

A boat should always come alongside a ... a pier on the lee side—that is the side farthe... away from the wind, unless it is absolutely im... sible to do so, and should have a line ready ... heave.

If you have to land in surf breaking ... distance from the beach, drop the grapnel o... the surf, unship the rudder, and let her drift ... stern first.

In getting into a boat, more especially a ... boat, from the water, always clamber in over ... stern, never over the side. In stepping into ... boat from landing-stage or steps, step on to ... thwart, and not on to the gunwale.

The bow man, where there is a crew, looks a... the boathook and painter (rope for tying up wit... while in a cutter the stroke oarsman nearest t... ship or pier uses the stern boathook.

Sit still in a boat, and never do anything ... ing up, if you can possibly avoid it. If you ... change places with another man, do it one ... time, and, so to speak, crawl from one thwa... another.

Remember that if there is danger of a collisi... it is generally safe to port your helm.

Never go out in a boat unless you have ... only the proper number of oars, but a ... spare ones.

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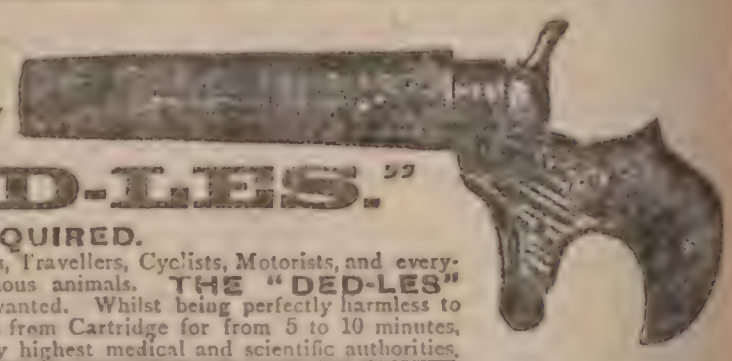

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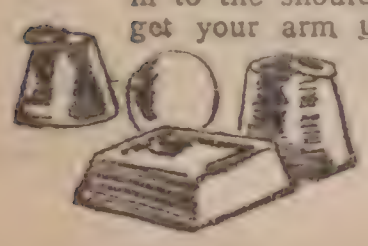

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries o general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

T. E. B. (Coalville), **E. M.** (Lisburn), **T. J. G.** (Burnley), **P. J. H.** (Newcastle, N.S.W.)—Many thanks for yours.

H. H. (Hampstead) informs us that he does not agree with Captain Saunders concerning the impossibility of wearing a handkerchief in the sleeve of a soft shirt. "I have done it ever since soft cuffs became fashionable," he says, "and I have never lost a handkerchief once. My method is as follows: Insert the handkerchief up the coat-sleeve, *outside* the shirt-sleeve; then put your thumb and finger *inside* the shirt-sleeve, reach through the slit above the cuff-links, grasp a small portion of the handkerchief, draw it through to the inside of the shirt-sleeve, and pull it down tight upon the bar of the cuff-links, leaving the bulk of the handkerchief still outside the shirt-sleeve. When you wish to withdraw it you simply pull back the drawn-through piece with the first finger, at the same time taking out the handkerchief from the coat-sleeve with the thumb and middle finger. This may sound complicated, but it is really quite simple, and can can be done instantaneously." We thank him for the tip, and are happy to pass it on.

F. E. F. (Westcliff) tells us that the other Sunday he was taking a walk with his fox-terrier. When they came beside a Salvation Army farm, he called his terrier to heel and picked him up, because he was afraid he might chase the sheep in their meadow. He had not gone far, he says, when a shepherd approached from the other side of a hedge and began chatting to him about the weather. Then there came upon the scene a policeman and a Salvation Army officer, the latter promptly charging him with allowing his dog to indulge in sheep-worrying, and stating that he had two witnesses to prove it. He is anxious to know what he ought to do, as his word is not likely to be taken against that of the three of them. All he can do is to wait for them to take action. If they do so, and if the facts he tells us are true, we shall deal with them very adequately.

THE REV. G. W. JACKSON (Edinburgh) sends us a letter and a book "as an antidote to the article published by you, and entitled 'The Fraud of Foreign Missions.'" We have already expressed our opinion in regard to these missions. When our reverend friend assures us that there are no hungry children in Edinburgh or in any of our other large cities, we shall be happy to contribute our mite towards the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen.

D. V. M. (Herne Hill).—Don't be impatient. We shall organise clubs in every large town as soon as the League membership justifies our taking such a step. Meantime do all you can to enrol new members, always men of the right type, in your own district.

H. B. (Eccles) wants to know the Editorial favourite flower. There is none in particular. The Editor likes any that may be in season, roses, of course, particularly.

A. DICKSON (77, Prince's Street, Helensburgh) wants to correspond with readers in Sydney or Melbourne.

G. C. J. (Glasgow).—We do not issue yearly volumes. If you want to have the paper bound, any bookbinder will do the job for you.

W. H. (Lincoln).—We are interested to hear that you propose trying your luck in the Far West of Canada. If you have a good physique and are prepared to take the thick with the thin, you are likely to succeed. You go with our kindest good wishes.

J. F. A. S. (Walsall).—We have never heard of the insurance company you mention, and doubt whether it is advisable for you to take up an agency on their behalf. It would be much better for you to become an agent for one of the old-established and well-known companies, as it helps you greatly in securing business to be able to show that your company has a large reserve fund, and also that it has been running for many years.

T. W. (Glasgow).—Apply at the nearest headquarters. The sergeant-major will tell you all about the necessary chest measurement and height. It is impossible for us to give you any guidance, as much depends on the recruiting. If a regiment is short of recruits they will often accept men who would otherwise be rejected.

V. C. J. (Newport, Mon.).—You can obtain full information regarding Canada by writing to the Emigration Agent for Canada, 11 and 12, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

J. K. (Birmingham). — The address of the Birmingham headquarters of the Legion of Scouts is 17, Winson Green Road, Birmingham.

E. J. B. (Wakefield) says he has been in charge of a station hospital in a garrison town, and that he can confirm every word in our recent article by "Chinstrap," entitled "Our Disease Ridden Army." H. B. (Walsall), who has resided in India, but who is not an Army man, disputes "Chinstrap's" figures. J. L. (Glasgow) says that the publication of the article is a hard hit at the British soldier. It is not. Our purpose, as was made fairly plain in the article, was to have the regulations altered. Tommy is one of the best, but he labours under many ridiculous restrictions.

CONTINENTAL METHODS.

Let us explain it as we may, the fact remains that the greatest athletes of the present time are foreigners. It naturally occurs to one to ask whether the methods of training adopted by our British athletes are correct.

We have received from the Continental System Physical Training Company, 15, High Street, Putney, a course of their lessons for review. The exercises given therein are extremely interesting, and certainly they are not those commonly practised in this country, although they are the ones advocated by the leading athletes of the Continent.

From the evidence submitted to us, it is undoubted that the pupils of this system are already making rapid progress, and, by adopting the methods of the present world's champions, we may eventually secure the championships for this country.

The course of lessons is a thorough one, and to each pupil is presented free a pair of special dumb-bells, which can be regulated to any weight from five pounds to twenty pounds. To encourage British athletes to try this system, the company have evolved a very novel prize scheme and medal award. Full particulars can be had by writing to them.

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120 Box, 7a, Queen's Arcade, Leeds.

A flower that is worthy of more attention than the small gardener is often disposed to give it is the dahlia. Its bold, bright-coloured blooms make a fine show in the garden at a time when the summer flowers have already seen their best days, and it is remarkably easy to cultivate.

And this is the time of year at which preparation must be made for the coming season. The man who has not grown dahlias before will naturally want to begin from seed.

For this a little artificial heat is required, but this can usually be achieved, if only by means of a home-made frame. The seeds should be sown in pots or boxes filled with sandy soil, and the seedlings pricked out from time to time into separate pots of gradually increasing size and richness of soil until they are finally planted out at the beginning of June.

* * * * * * *

A pretty and not very commonly adopted way of growing roses is to peg them down to the ground. This will often solve the difficulty of finding a means of filling a bed to advantage, besides being considerably cheaper than filling it with standard or bush roses which need pruning. Long shoots of last year's growth will, if pegged down, flower along the whole of their length, whereas if they are left standing erect only a few buds at the top will come to anything.

Moss-roses do especially well under this system, and will flower freely, so that a bed of them is most attractive in summer.

* * * * * * *

The time is already near at hand when a good lawn becomes a valuable asset to a garden, and it is advisable now to put the finishing touches to it.

The wise gardener will have given it a top dressing of manure, which could be left to sink in throughout the winter, but this is undoubtedly a somewhat unsightly expedient, and puts the lawn out of use for the time being.

Sulphate of ammonia, however, makes a very useful and discriminating dressing which can still be applied, as it will at the same time encourage the grass and kill the weeds.

Weak patches may be sown with seed during fine weather, a mixture of grass and clover being the most useful for general use.

* * * * * * *

For those who have no frame or other form of artificial heat available, or who cannot spare the space for growing mustard and cress out of doors, there is an interesting and practical method of growing it without earth at all.

Get an empty biscuit tin and make it water-tight. Fill it with water and place a piece of flannel or muslin over the top, tying it down round the sides. Drench the flannel thoroughly and see that it is touching the water in the tin so as to be kept moist.

Then sow mustard and cress seed thickly on it, and it will grow as well as if planted in soil, the roots striking down through the flannel into the water.

This plan has the additional advantage of cleanliness, the task of washing the cress being greatly lightened.

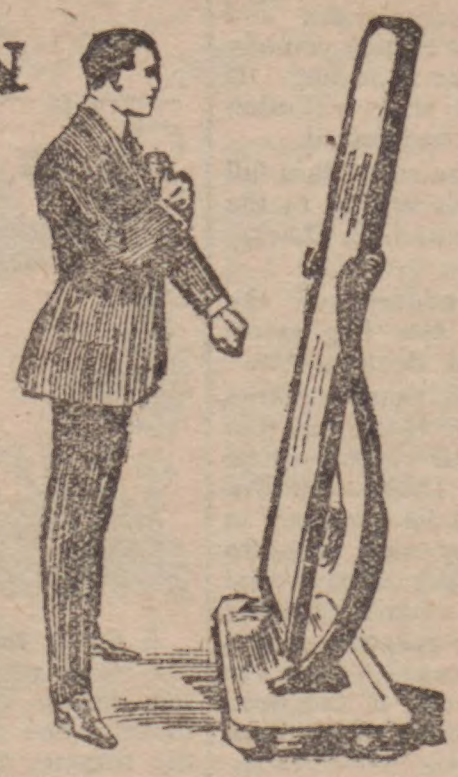
C. B. Stainer.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.



CONCERNING LEGGINGS.

A correspondent from Cheshire asks an interesting question on a subject which may interest many of his fellow-readers.

"I am just having a pair of black pigskin blocked leggings made," he writes. "I have given the measure up the back as 10¾ ins. Do you think this is long enough? I am 5ft. 6ins. in height, and am rather long in the leg. I do a fair amount of horse-riding, but should not like to appear too horsey."

No doubt many others among my friends who read this page have felt the desire to be able to wear leggings, when not actually riding, without appearing aggressively "horsey." But the alternatives to the "horsey" leggings are from point of view of appearance by no means desirable.

The blocked legging which fits close to the ankle as well as to the calf has quite ousted the old-fashioned "stove-pipe" kind of gaiter, and it is a noteworthy fact that even the chauffeur, who would probably be grossly insulted if you accused him of looking "horsey," affects this style of legging, for it is at once convenient and smart, quite apart from its suitability for the horseman.

Leggings of boxcloth or of canvas, which are usually not made close-fitting, are even more identified with the "horsey" man than the blocked leather legging.

With regard to the length of the leggings it is impossible to lay down any definite rules, for what may suit one man may look absurd on another. But on a man of average height 10¾ ins. should be just the right length.

The leggings should just cover the top of the boot above the ankle, and if worn with breeches which button at the knee should cover one button and leave three showing.

The ideal is, of course, to have one pair of boots and one of leggings which you always wear together, as some boots are much higher in the leg than others. But if you always bear in mind the length of your leggings, or take them with you when buying boots that you are likely to wear with them, you should have no difficulty in making both ends meet.

If the leggings are too long, they will display a tendency to cockle up in front over the instep, especially if they are used much for riding and the wearer keeps his heels down as he should.

RAISED SEAMS IN COATS.

A reader writes to ask me whether it is fashionable to have raised or overlapping seams in an overcoat, and whether I consider that they look well.

Much, of course, depends on the style of overcoat, but as regards the majority of the prevalent patterns, I can safely answer both questions in the affirmative.

The fleece overcoat, the ulster, the new-pattern frock overcoat for town wear, and even the raincoat, all look better with an overlapping seam down the centre of the back, and in some cases with similar seams from the shoulders to the waist.

With a closely-woven cloth, an ordinary seam will often be sufficient to break up the expanse of cloth and to give the requisite touch of smartness and outline to the figure, but with a rougher cloth only the overlapping seam can do this satisfactorily.

The same is, as I have pointed out before, the case with riding-breeches, and here the raised seam has the additional advantage of stiffening the sides of the breeches and keeping them in shape.

KEEPING YOUR PRESS IN ORDER.

A detail that must be attended to periodically by the owner of a trouser-press is the oiling of the screws.

This will not only save the screw-thread and prolong the life of the press, but it will make easier the labour of putting trousers into it and taking them out

While on the subject of trouser-presses, an interesting fact was pointed out to me by a reader the other day, and that is the tendency that the regular use of a trouser-press has to make shiny a pair of trousers of dark material—navy blue, cashmere, and so on.

The explanation I cannot give, though the fact is undoubted.

It may be that in putting the trousers into the press one is sure to pull them out slightly in the stretching process, and so to rub them against the cardboard with which most presses are fitted, although that would not seem sufficient to account for the shininess.

THE SECOND MUFTI SUIT.

I am glad to hear from Messrs. Ellis that the suit I designed for them has been a complete success.

It is, I believe, the very latest thing, and it will be as fashionable at the end of the summer as now.

Messrs. Ellis's announcement concerning the Mufti suit appears on the last page of the cover.

FANCY BOOTS.

In any bootmaker's window nowadays you will see a variety of boots, both black and brown, with fancy tops of cloth or different leathers.

Fancy boots of the brown variety have not yet made their way into popular favour, but for "dressy" wear black patent leather boots with grey tops of cloth or soft leather are most fashionable.

But fancy boots of this kind are not for every man. Like diamond rings, they must be lived up to, and unless the rest of the attire is on a par with them the effect is rather ridiculous than smart.

They are luxuries that ought only to be aspired to by the man who can afford to wear them a dozen times or so and then discard them, for once they begin to show signs of wear themselves the effect is equally bad.

And not only should they not be worn more than a certain number of times, but they should have a rest between each, so that they are best restricted to the man who is sufficiently prosperous to keep a pair of boots for Sundays and state occasions only, and to discard them after six months or so.

Moreover, it is essential that the trousers above them should sit well and should not be baggy at the knees; and, personally, I should avoid the wearing of such boots with turned-up trousers.

MENDING NEW GARMENTS.

It may seem an unnecessary thing to do to start "mending" a garment—or getting someone else to do so, as the incapable man is usually obliged to do—before you have ever put it on.

But it is in many cases a wise precaution, and a stitch put in at the very outset may often save many more than nine later on.

For instance, buttons will very often be the better for being sewn on more firmly before they have ever had time to work loose, and in the case of undergarments and the less expensive suits and overcoats the buttons are often sewn on anything but securely.

The putting of rubber heels or iron tips or studs on the soles of new boots may also be put in the same category, and it will prolong the life of those soles by many months.

Often a stitch in time will prevent a garment from tearing after a very little wear. The opening in front of a flannel shirt, the slit above the wrists, or especially the slit in front of a pair of pyjama trousers, is very liable to get enlarged, and if the trouble is not put right at once, the rent becomes more serious every time you put the garment on.

All this might have been avoided by having a few stitches put in at the end of the slit so as to strengthen it before the garment was ever worn.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By means of this ingenious apparatus all shiny places quickly removed from all articles of clothing. No Chemicals. Post Free, 1s. 3d.

R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

Price 5/9. Carriage Paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS, 1½in. steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, *Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.*

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports. This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer. Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:

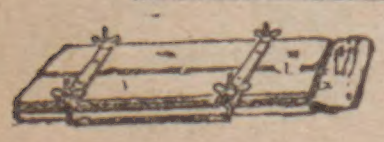
HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS.

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.



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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, strong boots, sevens, clothing, 5ft. 4in., 36in. chest, in exchange set 4 boxing gloves, pair fencing foils and masks, and football, all as new; or would sell.—Box 2013, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Manufacturer's Stock of Men's well-made, dark, hard-wearing Tweed and Black Suits, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, retailed 25s. to 30s.; our price 15s. 9d., money returned willingly; send chest and inside leg measures.—A. W. Adams, Cloth Hall, Pentre, South Wales.

Tailor-made Grey Tweed Cycling Breeches, worn once; cost 25s., take 15s.; waist 26 inches.—Box 2012, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, secondhand Bonzoline Balls, good condition; state number, size, price.—Box 2014, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard Table, first-class condition, 1ft. short full size; want offer.—Box 2015, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, folding, 8ft. long, mahogany, 30in. wide, two side pockets, not soiled, indiarubber cushion, nine new Crystalate balls, cue, mace, bridge, rules, markers; £10 10s., accept £3 7s. 6d.—Box 2016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fishing Outfit. Fly rod, bottom rod; landing net, &c.; 22s. 6d., or part exchange.—Box 2017, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For Sale, ½-plate Triple Extension Camera, two double dark slides, tripod, carrying case, focussing cloth, equal to new; 50s.—Box 2018, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Mackenzie ½ or ¼ slide. Offer ¼ hand camera or Dallmeyer ⅛ lens.—Box 2019, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Sale, ¼-plate Hand Camera, six new mounts for same, 5s.—Box 2020, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good ¼ or Post-card Field Camera, with accessories, good lens and light weight essential. Box 2021, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Motor Cycle, 3½-h.p., good order, modern style, Take £15, best offer, or pedal cycle in part payment; like buyer in Glasgow vicinity.—Box 2007, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Motor Cycle Belt, ⅜in., lamp, and horn; exchange Silver Lever Watch.—Box 2022, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, modern Motor Cycle, first-class running order, good make, exchange hammerless ejector, by Hancock, London, case, &c., or sell £14.—Box 2023, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's Guaranteed B.S.A. Track Racer, good as new, 23-inch dropped frame, enamelled olive-green and gold lined, two sets of handlebars: £6 10s., or near offer.—Box 2024, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Horse's rug belt, nearly new; 4s., or offer.—Box 2025, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Set of Black Leather Brass Harness, quite new, cost £5 10s. two months ago; accept £4, fit 13-14 hands, very neat.—Box 2026, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

MUSIC.

For Sale, Zither Banjo (five strings), cost £5, maker, Tamlet, London, and Punching Ball; will sell both for £1.—Spence, Bookseller, Kirkwall, Orkney.

Wanted, good Zither Banjo, cheap, or useful exchange.—Box 2027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Galvayne's Twentieth Century Book Horses, beautifully illustrated, cost 21s.; new condition; 15s.—Box 2030, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Five vols. Modern Engines, new, cost 45s., by Rankin Kennedy; cheap for cash or exchange for check-till, bookcase, &c.—Box 2031, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Times" Encyclopædia, with supplement and case, 35 vols. in all, half bound morocco, cost £35; will take £25, or near offer.—Box 2032, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duplovan advt., page 19.

DEBENTURE SHARES, &c.

Gentleman desires to communicate with others interested in Speculating in Stocks and Shares on the Cover System.—Write, in first instance, Purser, 54, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Rhodesian Shares, 200 at 1s.; cash bargain.—Box 2003, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2 £250 bonds, Provident Association, London, £54 paid on each, eligible immediate advance. What offers? Illness.—Box 2004, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

300 £1 6% preference shares paying dividend, in private limited ironmongery company, Eastbourne. Money urgently needed. Cash offers.—Box 2000, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Genuine Cure for Constipation; postal order, 7d.—Box 2,008, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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If you want to make Money, turn to "Wrinkles" advt., page 23.

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19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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Territorial Mufti Suit

SECOND EDITION.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL OUR READERS.

SO great was the success of THE MODERN MAN Territorial Mufti Suit which we offered to our readers last Autumn, that we have decided to issue what may be called a second edition of it.

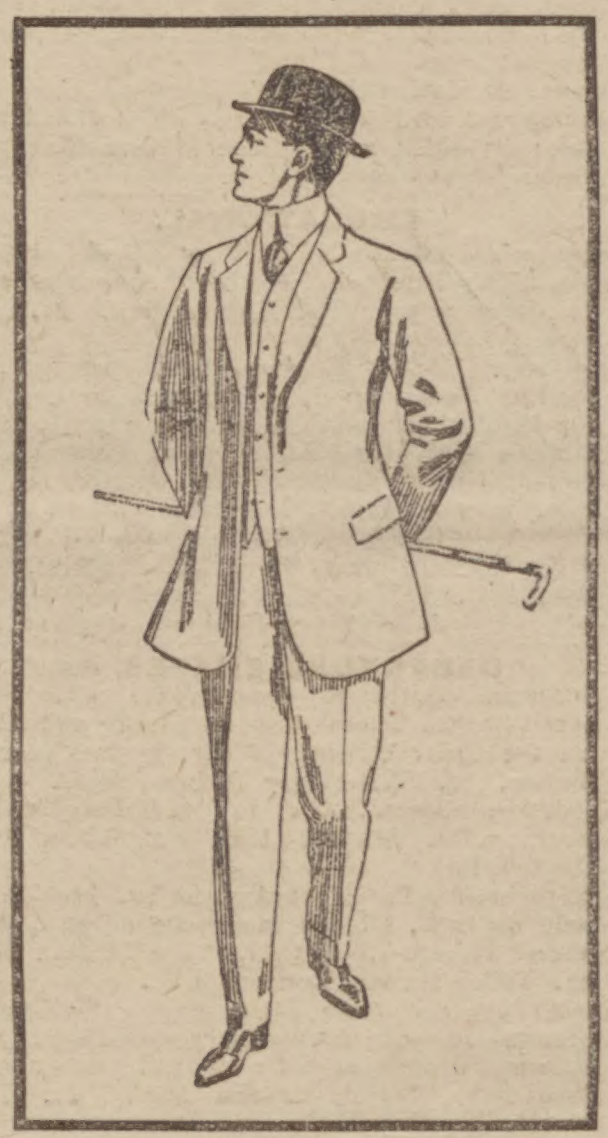
Again Captain Saunders is the designer, and Messrs. Ellis are the tailors.

This newer suit is a distinct improvement on the last.

The outside breast pockets, which many readers felt were too sporty for city wear, have been eliminated, but the chief features of the original suit (modified by the dictates of spring fashion) remain.

The coat is cut, like a tunic, to show the waist. It has a slit at the back for those who go in for riding.

The trousers are finished with a permanent turn-up, as the present fashion demands.



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That the suit will fit, is absolutely guaranteed by the tailors, no matter whether you are a London reader who can call to try it on when half-finished, or a provincial reader who cannot do so.

If the suit is not to your liking, your money will be returned in full, without argument or discussion.

The price, owing to the arrangements we have made, is only 40s.

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Every Londoner should make a point of calling. Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

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